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A Journal of Opinion

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Good News on All Fronts

On almost every battlefront, the news in the week ending June 19 was unbelievably good. The Cherbourg peninsula was sealed off and the fall of that port became only a matter of time and probably a very short time. The Russians on the Karelian Isthmus were plunging ahead, with every probability that Finland would soon be knocked out of the war. This would endanger the German's left flank on the eastern front, and would also have a powerful political effect on Rumania and Bulgaria. The new giant B-29's went into action for the first time, and after years of waiting, the methodical bombing of the main Japanese islands has begun. The Americans landed successfully on Saipan, in the Marianas, another big step toward Japan. In Italy, the broken German forces were retreating in such disorder that it would seem difficult for them to make a real stand anywhere on Italian soil. There were only two dark spots in the picture: the new German aerial torpedoes which rained down upon England, and the land fighting in China, where the Japanese continued to push ahead.

Germany's New Weapon

The new German weapon is apparently of little military significance. It is a half-size, pilotless, jet-propelled, rocket-aided plane, steered by a compass, which falls to earth and explodes after exhausting its fuel. It is not radio-controlled and is accurate only within broad limits, probably measured in terms of many miles. In other words, it cannot be aimed successfully at military targets; it can only hit at random and destroy life and property which happen to be close to the spot where it lands. It is a morale weapon; and as R. L. Strout reports on page 837, it has already failed in its purpose of shaking the nerve of the British. The blitz was worse, and they survived the blitz.

In using this weapon, the Nazis have descended closer to the level of senseless cruelty than ever before, at least against the British. This is a weapon used primarily against civilians, men, women and children, the old and the sick, without discrimination. Humanitarians in England and America have protested our saturation bombing of German cities; but such bombing at least gives the population a chance to get into air-raid shelters. The current attacks on England cannot weaken the Allied offensive in any important degree. They can only infuriate the British and American public, and help to bring us up to the Russian level of anger against this insanely and purposely cruel foe. "Insane" is indeed the adjective to apply, for the Germans must know that they are bound to lose and that a terrible retribution will await them.

The B-29

The B-29 is not a secret weapon like the German flying torpedo; but in the long run it is likely to prove far more important. This giant plane is all superlatives: it is the biggest in the world, it carries the heaviest bomb load, it is among the fastest and highest flying, and it has by far the longest range, at least 3,000 miles of effective distance. There is a touch of real drama in the fact that the new planes are so big and far-ranging that they are united in a single command, the Twentieth United States Air Force,

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with its worldwide headquarters in Washington. We should not expect too much too soon from the use of the B-29 against Japan; Germany has shown that a country can take a terrific aerial pounding and still put up a strong fight. There is no doubt, however, that in combination with all other weapons, this ship will prove enormously effective on all fronts, and should bring the end of the war appreciably nearer.

American Friends of Finland

Of all the fantastic forms that American isolationism has taken, surely the most fantastic was represented a few days ago in Washington by those who protested our getting tough with Finland. The Finns are fighting in this war on the side of our enemies; yet there are Americans in Washington who apparently want nothing done to hurt their feelings. These Americans are objecting to the action taken against Finnish Minister Procope, who has long been an Axis propagandist and listening post in this country. How a patriotic American can be a friend of our enemy is difficult to see; but some people who think of themselves as patriots have managed to do it.

Political Action

The CIO Political Action Committee went to Washington a few days ago with good results. Chairman Sidney Hillman called the bluff of Republican members of the Senate Campaign Expenditures Committee who had been taking pot shots at him, by demanding to testify before the group. After answering the hostile questions of Senators Joe Ball and Homer Ferguson, Hillman bore down on a winning point. "We have nothing to hide," he told the committee, "but we take exception to the fact that labor has been singled out as a target. . . . If political work is to be conducted under klieg lights—as we believe it should—then let the light shine equally on all."

Hutton in The Philadelphia Inquirer

Face to Face with the Enemy

Later in the week Senator James M. Tunnell of Delaware and some colleagues responded by introducing numerous amendments to the pending Butler resolution for a Senate investigation of the Political Action Committee, to include organizations on the other side of the political fence. Mr. Hillman will have done a real service if he has awakened some of the Senators to the need for investigating the present political activities of the National Association of Manufacturers and such groups as Frank Gannett's Committee for Constitutional Government.

A Good Program

The first national meeting of the Political Action Committee, also held in Washington last week, produced a pledge of full support for the fourth term for President Roosevelt and for the renomination of Henry Wallace, as well as a comprehensive war and peace program covering both national and domestic issues. It is based largely on the Four Freedoms, the good-neighbor policy, the Atlantic Charter and Mr. Roosevelt's Second Bill of Rights. The proposal for a new League of Nations is similar to Mr. Roosevelt's and in general the program calls for a compensatory economy. It is markedly similar to the "Platform for Progressives" published in our special supplement of May 8, "A Congress to Win the War and the Peace."

The NIIC Report

Ralph Hendershot, financial editor of The New York World-Telegram, in commenting on Sidney Hillman's testimony before the Senate last week, made the startling observation that if the CIO Political Action Committee does not stop mixing in politics, the other side is going to have to *start* mixing in them. Where has Mr. Hendershot been? We suggest he read one recent NAM publication especially, the annual report for 1943 of the National Industrial Information Committee, the NAM propaganda arm. This report shows an income of $1,550,000 and expenditures of $1,380,000 for press services, radio time, motion pictures, study materials and pamphlets for schools, group coöperative conferences with educators, churchmen, farmers and housewives, speakers' bureaus and other activities. The brochure modestly states that to do its job properly the NIIC in 1944 will require much more energy and money, a budget at least twice as large as 1943. The NIIC's national chairman, Alfred P. Sloan Jr., chairman of the General Motors Corporation, summarized the job ahead in this way: "The public's attitude toward free enterprise will depend in the long run upon the degree to which we are able to dramatize it as a vital force for the betterment of people. . . . If we thus gain their confidence, they will then be sympathetic to our recommendations regarding those national

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policies essential if free enterprise is to accomplish the maximum."

Willkie Prescribes

Wendell Willkie's prescription for the essentials of a Republican platform has about as much chance of being adopted as the Sermon on the Mount has of being endorsed by the Gestapo, but it is a good prescription nevertheless. For instance, he reminds the party authorities that the states'-rights issue is traditionally a hobby-horse of the Democrats, and has always from the beginning of the Republican Party been opposed by it whenever it was strong and performing its function in the national life. We do need a strong central government, though of course not a tyrannical or unchecked one, such as he—fancifully, we believe—accuses the Democratic administration of being.

Likewise, he points out, good Republicanism of the traditional sort demands support for equal political and economic rights for Negroes, instead of joining with the unreconstructed Southerners on issues like the poll tax, as many Republican congressmen have been doing. Instead of attacking Social Security, like some influential Republicans, the platform ought to advocate its improvement and extension. Postwar planning to avoid depression and unemployment is necessary, and in this planning government must play a part, though it should follow a lead which might be coöperatively established by industry, agriculture and labor. Internationally, of course, Mr. Willkie has long been on the side of the angels, and he now continues the practice of trying to be even in advance of the President on the subject—an opportunity which, we regret to say, the President in several ways leaves open to him.

Is It Republicanism?

Clearly this sort of program is most unwelcome to the leaders of opinion in the Republican Party today, as well as to the majority of elderly middle-class citizens who are grumbling at the administration, and on the basis of whose vote the party hopes to win. Mr. Willkie could propose it only because within the party he is a sort of free-lance without organizational responsibility. His fight for the nomination was coupled with an endeavor virtually to remake the party and change its direction. If he had won, we still should have been obliged to wonder whether the party as an organization would have permitted him to live up to his good intentions.

Probably it would be good politics for the Republicans to adopt a platform of this sort, on the theory that it would attract independent voters who distrust the administration for one reason or another, while the mossbacks could be counted upon to vote the ticket under any circumstances. Unless something of this sort is done, Democratic success in the fall elections is nearly certain, provided enough citizens can be induced to register and go to the polls. There is every sign, however, that the Republicans believe they will win on the basis of restricting the electorate by such dodges as making it difficult for soldiers to vote and retaining the poll tax. If they can do so, the last thing in the world they want to do is to flirt with any progressive ideas.

The Demobilization Fight

Taking advantage of the Senate's desire to adjourn, Undersecretary of War Robert Patterson and War Mobilization Director James F. Byrnes are applying strong pressure for quick passage of the inadequate George-Murray Bill on demobilization. Labor and liberal groups agree on the need for speedy action but contend that what Congress should do is stay on the job and consider fully the human as well as the property problems of demobilization. These forces are supporting the Kilgore bill which has set up an industry-labor-agriculture board to do the over-all planning. Mr. Byrnes wants to run demobilization the way he has run mobilization, through top policy control rather than through administrative responsibility. He wants to be free from any such democratic controls as are provided for in the Kilgore bill.

Labor Wins More Authority

With the establishment of Labor Advisory Committees in the WPB, organized labor has come closer to achieving the share in authority which from the beginning of the war it has contended it ought to exercise in the direction of the nation's productive efforts. First came the recommendation for labor-management committees to pay special attention to efficiency in individual plants. This was regarded by conservative managements as virtual Bolshevism, but it has worked excellently in most cases, as indeed it did many years ago on progressive railroads like the Baltimore and Ohio and the Canadian National. Then came appointment of labor officials to high positions in the WPB itself—a step which the conscientious business men at the top have never had cause to regret. The new change will make it possible for these labor officials to call in question and refer to consideration by labor advisory committees any change in a program which involves increase or decrease in production.

If such a procedure had been in effect earlier, it might have done much to rationalize the production program as a whole and to speed output. It probably, for instance, would have prevented the concentration of contracts in a few large firms whose facilities were already overburdened, while the plants of other bidders were lying idle. Now it ought to do much to relieve the manpower situation and prevent wastes in demobilization such as occurred in the sudden closing of the Brewster airplane plant. Labor is at its best when called upon to apply its detailed knowledge to the ordering of production in the national interest.

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Eliot Instead of Curley

It is good news for progressives that former Representative Tom Eliot has decided to run against James M. Curley in the Democratic primaries on July 11, in the Eleventh Massachusetts District. Mr. Eliot has been one of the ablest members of the House, a thoroughgoing progressive. Mr. Curley, the present occupant of the seat, is a machine politician, former Mayor of Boston and Governor of Massachusetts, whose name has been in the newspapers on more than one occasion because of official investigations of his activities. The most recent New Republic Congressional Chart shows that he voted against limiting salaries to $67,200, in favor of the Dies Committee and against permitting soldiers to vote through a federal ballot, which experience is proving to be the only practical method. He voted against government control of prices—that is, he favors inflation, which robs the pocketbook of every one of his constituents. He was absent from the House during some of the most important roll calls on taxation. Progressive Democrats will make no mistake if they select Eliot over Curley.

France and Her Liberators

As our armies strike into Normandy, utter confusion reigns concerning sovereignty in the liberated regions. The French Committee of National Liberation in Algiers asserts that it is the rightful government of Free France, and its head, de Gaulle, has visited Normandy with the permission of the Allied military authorities and has appointed representatives to take charge. Nevertheless the Committee (which now calls itself the French Provisional Government) has not been recognized by the United States, Britain or the Soviet Union as the government of France, and General Eisenhower has taken actions to which General de Gaulle objects as an infringement on sovereignty, such as issuing currency for the invading troops and instructing the French people how to conduct themselves.

If there is not to be a situation highly dangerous both to the success of our arms and to the future relations between France and the other Allies, particularly the United States, this crisis must be ended at once and in no uncertain manner. One way to end it is to recognize the de Gaulle government. If there is any other way to end it, satisfactorily or unsatisfactorily, we cannot imagine what it is. There is obviously no possibility of compromise with de Gaulle on the basic issue. No other government or even trace of a government representing anti-Germans exists. Surely there can be no thought of returning to our inexplicable favoritism for Vichy. If the United States is cherishing any scheme for picking its own favorite to rule another great nation, the experiences with Giraud and Badoglio constitute an eloquent warning. And the French people cannot choose their own rulers by any formal process until after the German army is defeated.

So obvious is the proper course, and so clear has it been for a long time, that we can be sure very weighty objections to taking it have been felt in the State Department and the White House. Let us review the possible objections and see what they amount to.

First of all, there have been influences surrounding the President and the Secretary of State which at the beginning were responsible for our tenderness to Vichy and which have carried on through the Darlan and Giraud incidents. Men like Admiral Leahy and Robert Murphy appear to have favored consistently the more conservative forces in France, and particularly those in the best repute with the Vatican. It is hardly likely that either Mr. Roosevelt or Secretary Hull have any deep-seated desire to play Vatican politics, but the advocates of such a policy have used other arguments which may have appealed to them, such as fear of Bolshevism and military necessity. Every day makes it clearer how mistaken and futile these arguments are. Fear of Bolshevism has all along been Hitler's chief propaganda weapon, and whatever was the case in the beginning of the North African invasion, military necessity is now surely on the other side.

Next come objections based on General de Gaulle's personality. He is said to be difficult and intractable. Undoubtedly he is; the Germans found him so. A mild and gentle person would scarcely have headed the resistance movement. Moreover, France is a proud nation, with a history of glory. She has been defeated, but she does not like to admit defeat. Any individual claiming to represent her independence and latent power must be expected to be extremely jealous of the slightest encroachment on her assumed rights or her dignity among the nations.

It has also been asserted that General de Gaulle is a careerist whose personal ambition governs all his actions; that he does not understand or like democratic politics, even that at heart he is a monarchist. We do not know the truth concerning these accusations. At an earlier period they might have been taken more seriously, but whatever may be the motives of de Gaulle, there can be no doubt of the democratic tendencies of the movement which supports him. The Committee of National Liberation contains representatives of all the underground groups and political parties which believe in French independence. They have freely chosen to march under his banner, and it is not for us to say that they have made a mistake. If they have made one, they can be depended upon to discover it for themselves when the time is opportune.

Somewhat akin to this argument is the one frequently expressed, that since there exists no symbol of French legitimacy in the form of a constitutional government, we should not appear to interfere by

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recognizing any claimant before the French themselves have an opportunity to choose such a government. Formally this sounds logical, but practically it is untenable. The Allies must deal with someone and some organization which represents France, pending the establishment of a constitutional government. They must support some French government for the liberated areas. It is not a question of choice between de Gaulle and a government to be elected in the future, but one between de Gaulle and other Frenchmen who must exercise authority now, with our permission and consent. Of course we should do nothing which will compromise the future opportunity of Frenchmen to elect their own authorities, but this is not a matter in dispute. The French Committee of National Liberation would resent bitterly any other attitude on our part.

Finally, there is the undenied story printed in several reputable journals, including one published under the authority of the United States Army, that the whole trouble revolves about the future of the French colonies. De Gaulle insists on keeping the French empire intact, whereas the President regards a number of the French colonies as possible military menaces to the United States, and wishes them to be internationalized. He cites, it is said, Martinique, French Guiana, Dakar, St. Pierre and Miquelon, and even French Indo-China. The reply of the de Gaullists is obviously that French ownership of these points offers no danger so long as they are in the hands of an independent democratic French government, and that the trouble in this war was caused by German-dominated Vichy.

We are inclined to believe that the attitudes of the two governments are as here described, and that this may furnish the most serious cause of the split. The issue is a complicated one, not to be decided offhand, but at first glance we favor the President on this issue. We should like to see all colonies internationalized for the sake of their inhabitants and as a guarantee of world peace. Unless, however, the French have declined to do with their own colonies something that the British and Dutch have consented to do with theirs—and this we very much doubt—de Gaulle could hardly be expected to modify his position. In any case the whole dispute is irrelevant to the present issue, and trying to connect the two will only embitter Frenchmen and make an eventual solution of the difficulty all the more dubious. This nation cannot in the long run pick or reject a government for France on the ground of its amenability to our desires about colonies, and any attempt to do so would poison French-American relations for generations.

The fact which overshadows all others is that from the very beginning de Gaulle has been the symbol—and the only symbol—of French defiance to Nazi conquest. He was accepted as such by the British in the very first days after the fall of France, and there never has been any doubt of his acceptance as such by all French groups which could find a voice. Anyone with the slightest sense of the importance of intangibles in human affairs would have known long ago that our cause could only suffer by refusal to accept this fact. The policy of our government in this respect has been a masterpiece of ineptitude. Some of the harm it has done is already irremediable; immediate rectification of the mistake may still perhaps avoid a truly tragic outcome.

Mr. Roosevelt's Peace Plan

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S PLAN for world peace contains few surprises. He wants a permanent and definite organization. As had been forecast, there would be an assembly "fully representative" of the peace-loving countries, which presumably means that all of them would be included. In addition, there would be a council elected annually by the assembly, whose main burden it would be to keep the peace. This council would include the four major nations—the United States, Great Britain, Russia and China—and "a suitable number of other nations." This represents a correction of the impression Mr. Churchill left, that the council would consist of the Big Four exclusively. There would be an international court of justice. No "superstate" is intended, nor any world police force; evidently no country would be committed in advance to use its armed strength against an aggressor and over the opposition of its government as of that moment.

To look at the political aspect first, the plan represents, undoubtedly, a compromise. Presumably this is as far as the Big Four can be persuaded to go at the present moment. To ask which power objected to which provisions of a more rigid plan is pointless at the moment, both because we do not know and because the objections have been held valid. Those who have worried about loss of sovereignty, in the United States or elsewhere, have been neatly blocked. No reduction of sovereignty is contemplated, unless you identify sovereignty with the right to go out some fine morning and start shooting your neighbors. To avoid advance automatic commitments to the use of force is probably only good sense, since history proves beyond any doubt that no country will go to war against the wishes of its people.

In publishing his plan when he did, the President has once more shown himself a master of political timing. He has taken the wind out of the Republicans' sails about as completely as possible. They were prepared to complain that Mr. Roosevelt was not thinking enough about the peace; he shows them that a good deal of hard work has already been done. They wanted to attack his unwise advance commitments; there aren't any. They were prepared to weep for the small nations, left entirely out in the cold; but all the small nations are in the assembly and some of them are in

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the council. Certain Republicans wanted to say that the President was too autocratic; but on the contrary, he and Mr. Hull have been courting the Republican members of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee assiduously, as well as the Democrats. Only the House has been left out, presumably on the theory that the Senate alone ratifies treaties. The House ought to be included in the peace planning, however, and it is not too late to do so. So many Republicans have already committed themselves to substantially the President's plan, at various times and places, that it would be almost impossible for them to fight it now with any consistency. It almost looks as though we should at last achieve our often boasted but never realized aim, and see politics stop at the water's edge.

We have still, of course, to deal with the isolationists, now calling themselves nationalists, and no one should underrate their strength throughout the country. They do not dare to demand again, as most of them would like to do, that we immolate ourselves behind a spiritual Chinese Wall and let the rest of the world stew in its own juice. Their program is to ask that the United States take no step toward joining any new league of nations until after we have seen exactly what peace terms are proposed and whether or not we approve of them.

Any man who would make such a proposal in all seriousness ought to see a psychiatrist. It is a perfect prototype of dream-world thinking in which someone else is the wicked adult and you are the innocent child. The United States, as to industrial resources if not manpower, is the strongest member of the anti-Nazi alliance. As such, we shall have an enormous part to play in dictating the peace terms. If they are bad terms, it will be our fault as much as or more than the fault of anyone else. To say that we should wait and see is just about as honest and responsible as the act of a husband who hides his head under the bed covers and waits while his wife investigates the presence of a burglar in the house.

We do not believe that the nationalists are honest in this proposal. We believe on the contrary that they hope to see the alliance dissolve with the end of hostilities and are counting on conflicting national interests to make a new league an impossibility. History demonstrates that if this is their hope, they are probably shrewd. It is obvious that our main immediate task is to finish the war, and that we should not now become embroiled in too many details of postwar organization. But it is equally obvious that if we do not take the preliminary step now of agreeing to stand together, if we do not begin to create the necessary climate of opinion, then peacetime coöperation and the hope of preventing a third world war are dim indeed.

The President's plan, of course, can be described in terms that are good or bad, and one description or the other will prove correct depending upon future actions. There are many people who say that this is not a war for democracy, but just a fight between two groups of powers, one fascist and one imperialist. The course of the struggle thus far gives a good deal of color to that description, and especially as it is interpreted and defended by Winston Churchill. He has refused to return Hong Kong to the Chinese; refused to do anything effective about India. He has used extraordinarily kinds words about that black-hearted fascist, Franco, and has said that it is no concern of the British government whether any country is fascist or not, if it refrains from open acts of hostility. The Allies, under the dominance of Britain and America, have been very slow to recognize and work with the democratic elements in Greece, Yugoslavia, Italy and France. It is no wonder that throughout the democratic countries anxious voices are being raised to ask: what sort of war is this? For what purpose are we sending out our fathers, brothers, sons, to risk death and, many of them, to die?

The first League of Nations perished because it began on too grand a scale, with too heavy responsibilities. Most of the great powers who joined the League were hypocritical; they did not really intend that it should prevent war or prevent anything else that contradicted their national policies. This time the leaders are determined not to repeat that mistake. Peace will be kept at the beginning by the four powers who have put an end to this war. They could, certainly, then go on to divide the world among themselves on an imperialist basis, holding together only for the purpose of keeping their defeated enemies crushed. Or they could steadily and consistently turn over greater and greater power to the worldwide organization of big and little states, with increasing relinquishment of that national sovereignty which looks so important to the stupid and the selfish, and to them alone. The Roosevelt plan is a blank check. It is for the people of the democracies to say how it shall be filled in.

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Two Fronts: Normandy and England

I HAVE JUST RETURNED from a visit to the American-held sector of the Normandy coast, a week after I saw it captured. Now in London, I admire the cool courage of the English civilians, once more subjected to front-line shelling by pilotless missiles producing half their eerie dread by their mystery. One thing is certain. The nation that went through "the Battle of Britain" is not going to lose its nerve now because of this considerable, though lesser, weapon, when the victory is felt to be within grasp. Yet the over-all situation is one that makes it difficult to say which is the battlefront: southern England, where the blazing new missiles are falling, the waters off Normandy, where a German raider dropped a stick of bombs near my ship, or the green French hedgerows.

The most extraordinary first impression on returning to the invasion beachhead which I last saw on D-Day is the way all the forces of man's miraculous ingenuity in construction have succeeded his equal ingenuity in destruction. One week previous, we were pounding, smashing and churning the sand along the shore with bombs from the air and shells from the sea. Now the new beachheads are among the world's busiest. A week ago vacant-eyed French houses, blasted with shells, looked out upon a solitary ocean. Now they see ships of every variety coming and going, unloading along the coast. I surveyed only the American sector of the beach front, the most northerly and the nearest to Cherbourg. The elaborate German cement fortifications, now empty and under the curious glance of any chance passing soldier, still show on their walls blonde Nordic pin-up girls. The massiveness of these walls reveals the heroic nature of the Allied accomplishment, a feat to make every American proud, and civilians like me humble.

When I was in Normandy, Cherbourg had not yet been sealed off. Nevertheless, the moment I arrived I was told the town was doomed, and supreme confidence was displayed, contrasting sharply with the still cautious attitude of the press at home. There was little German response to the steadily increasing American artillery bombardment, and our soldiers had the enormous comfort of knowing beyond doubt that the airplanes overhead were their own.

The whole story is told in a few vivid contrasts. Thus roads that were still taped in white as a warning of mines, carried polyglot signs: French painted milestones in kilometers, sinister German skulls and crossbones labeled "*Minen*" and brash American army directions, "Soft shoulders." There was French wine to be drunk, free—all that a soldier had to do was to risk his life visiting the former German officers' headquarters in No Man's Land.

In a verdant pasture, set around with tall, mastlike trees stripped of boughs, there were the bloated carcasses of dead cows. In the next field dead horses lay on their backs, their legs pointing straight up, like those in a humorous cartoon. Guns were crashing all around. On the grass I saw a familiar crumpled wrapper—from a package of Wrigley's chewing-gum.

Big American trucks had splashed ashore from open-jawed landing craft over the sand dunes. They still bore their ignominious stencils from earlier British service: "Danger! Left-hand drive!" Now they are back in a country where people drive to the right.

It is too early for me to say what is the reaction of the French peasants, which seems to be mixed. It is possible that only German sympathizers had been permitted to remain in this area. I passed one sullen family of father, mother and daughter, pushing back toward the coast, carrying their scanty possessions away from the region of artillery fire. They gave our jeep black looks as we passed. Yet at another point a chorus of childish voices was raised in happy cheers, and elsewhere children gave us yells of greeting while their smiling parents waved.

I saw a platoon of German prisoners being marched to the stockade by a strutting Yank sergeant with a tommy-gun and two GI's. The prisoners taken have German officers, but many of the common soldiers are from the conquered peoples. It would be wrong to minimize the stiff and bloody resistance they are putting up. One American battalion commander at the front told me that only 40 percent of his original troops are still effective. The Americans are too reckless and expose themselves too much, just as their fathers did in the early battles of the last war. The enemy resistance, however, is merely competent, not a last-ditch affair. Although it is an isolated front, an atmosphere of anxiety pervades the whole enemy force.

Seeking to counter this, the German propaganda is making extravagant claims of the effects of the new "secret weapon." I reached London just as this new missile went into use, and there is no doubt of its nerve-jangling effect. The authorities are making every effort to find a quick solution. It's calming, as I write this, to look across a placid street at a cheap restaurant and see a stolid Cockney cabman and self-sufficient, ruddy-faced Englishwomen of the lower classes, having a spot of tea. No, they don't panic. It's a bore of course; doubtless they are all talking about it in there. But if Jerry thinks it will unloosen the strangling grip that is tightening around his windpipe, he just doesn't know the breed.

(London, by cable) RICHARD LEE STROUT

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How Strong Is Germany?

HOW STRONG is Germany and what is the disposition of her forces? To answer this question correctly one would have to hold the key to such problems as the length of the war and the strategic direction of our attacks. Obviously, we do not and cannot know the facts. Not until the war is over shall we be in a position fully to distinguish between fact and fiction or to judge which facts were characteristic and therefore important and which were atypical and therefore misleading.

But lack of knowledge does not invalidate the necessity for forming judgments, which must be done constantly in the planning and execution of strategy. Let us therefore go through the process of analysis in order to arrive at the hypothetical solution to our problem.

We first search for a few factual clues. As our liberating armies advance into Nazi-held territories the following important gaps appear in the German defenses and counter-attacks: the Luftwaffe has not been thrown in, in an all-out attempt to defeat the invasion; horse-drawn artillery entered the scene where in 1940 it would have been motorized; the Germans have used obsolescent French tanks, 1940 model, and foreign soldiers—Poles, Czechs and Russians—have made their appearance in German armies either as individuals or separate units.

The conclusion indicated by these facts is that the German armies are weaker *vis à vis* their enemies than they were in previous years, both relatively and absolutely, in material and in manpower. It is probable of course that we have not yet met the best manned and equipped German offensive divisions, which may be kept in reserve for the strategic counter-attacks, since garrison or fortification troops need not be the pick of the crop. But it is equally obvious that Germany does not have enough first-class material and manpower for combat purposes. In war, particularly in an age of technology, the disease of "not enough" is fatal.

The use of old French tanks is particularly significant, for it shows that the lack is not only of oil, but also of steel, for which no mass synthetic substitutes are available. The cumulative corrosion of our bombings show results. But of one thing we are certain: the bombings have not succeeded in producing that paralysis which would deprive the German armies of the ability to put up a formidable, if not sustained, resistance.

Of all the German arms the Luftwaffe has undergone the greatest deflation both in quantity and character of function. From an offensive force of which a respectable part was devoted to strategic bombing, it has been converted apparently into a purely defensive arm. Our consistent bombing of German cities is proving the Luftwaffe's inadequacy even to do this job. Nor can it perform its tactical function of covering field troops. German aircraft factories have probably been able to keep production of planes at about half the peak of 3,000 planes per month. Fighter planes are produced more speedily than the more complex and larger bombers. Even if this production, plus the Luftwaffe's inactivity, has enabled Germany to maintain her first-line strength at about 4,000 planes, the critical lack of reserves would doom her air force if it dared to engage in prolonged fighting.

Partial inactivization of the Luftwaffe has permitted the reorganization of air-force personnel into field combat divisions. At least one of these divisions figured in the fighting in Italy. Similarly, the German retreat in Russia has enabled the German High Command to convert former communication and supply troops into defense units.

If we are correct in our assumption that there is a decrease in German arms and motor equipment because of production difficulties, then we are justified in concluding that there are now fewer German mobile and mechanized divisions. It is doubtful whether the Nazis can command more than 25 battle-worthy panzer divisions. Here again conversion to defensive function would add numerically to combat strength, because service personnel is thereby eliminated.

These and other desperate measures of manpower economy have probably placed at the disposal of the German High Command about 330 combat divisions. How do we arrive at that figure? In 1943 there were estimates by various Allied leaders that Russia was engaging more than two hundred German divisions and that this strength constituted nearly two-thirds of the German army.

This is indeed a formidable combat force, second in size only to the Russian army on the European continent.

At full strength of 15,000 each, these divisions would constitute a force of nearly 5 million men. Certain qualifying factors, however, should be pointed out. It is extremely doubtful that the divisions are at anywhere near full strength. The figure is more likely to be between 10,000 and 12,000. Nearly five years of war have taken a great toll. Estimates of German killed, wounded, captured and missing run all the way from two to five millions. The very range of these estimates indicates our lack of reliable information. But that the Germans have lost heavily we can be certain. Otherwise, they would not at this stage be using impressed levies of foreign troops and prisoners of war.

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The manpower quality of the German army has correspondingly deteriorated. Those lost were the pick of Germany's offensive strength. Those left contain an increasing proportion of second and third-rate material. This is in the very nature of prolonged attritional warfare. Particularly affected is the Schutzstaffel, the Elite Guard, who came out sadly depleted from the Russian meat-grinder. In all probability this military *imperium in imperio* does not now constitute more than one million, and the task of keeping the army and the *Herrenvolk* in line will not grow easier as the war continues.

How is this large and battle-scarred German force distributed geographically? This too is a matter of conjecture. Probably 75 percent of the air force is in the west. As already indicated, in 1943 it was estimated that nearly two-thirds of the army were on the Russian front. Since then there have been reports that forces were being moved to the west to meet the invasion across the Channel. These reports are credible because they appear to conform to the logic of the situation. The Russian armies are truly formidable, but in fighting outside of their boundaries their lines of supply are lengthening, while the German armies facing the Russians can be readily reinforced in case of emergency from the reserve pool within Germany. Also on the eastern front are found the satellite armies of Finland, Rumania and Hungary, totaling perhaps 50 divisions. Finally the German divisions now in Greece and Yugoslavia can be called upon to support the German forces in Rumania. It is reasonable to conclude that 60 percent of the German armies are in the east and 40 percent in the west.

On the eastern front the bulk of the German force is concentrated in Poland and in the approaches to the Baltic states. Two weighty reasons make that plausible. This is the center of the eastern theatre of war and from here the troops can be shifted along the shortest lines. More important, the plains of Poland are the most direct route to Berlin from the east. A small force, probably no more than six or seven divisions, has been reported to be in Finland.

As for the west, the Germans are supposed to have somewhere between 25 and 30 divisions in Italy. As a tribute to Tito, it is said that in the past he tied up as many German troops as we engaged in Italy. This would place about 25 divisions in Greece and Yugoslavia. It is doubtful whether many more divisions than are in Finland are to be found in Norway. The great bulk of the German armies in the west are deployed in France and the Low Countries, with a strategic pool marked for both the east and west in Germany proper.

This is the portrait of the Nazi power, painted with a brush dipped in a mixture of assumption and inference. It is not a picture of the force that swept everything before it at the beginning of the war, but it still shows an army which is undoubtedly stronger than Japan's and still able to hold its own against the armies of either Russia alone or the Western Allies alone. Against the united strength of the Allies, it is doomed.

JOSEPH ROSENFARB

On the Civil-Liberty Front

EACH YEAR at this time the American Civil Liberties Union queries its local representatives over the country as to the issues and trends in the field of civil liberties. That survey, just completed, reveals that wartime tolerance to a surprising degree marks the third year of the war, with freedom of debate almost unlimited. In the midst of this grim war, "the nation's foremost pacifists are allowed to speak freely" and "are able to discuss openly demands for specific peace terms." True, "prejudice and inequalities still exist, but in the traditional sense there are no abridgments of civil liberties," the Union's correspondents report.

The record of prosecutions tells the story even more dramatically. Up to now there have been but 26 prosecutions by the federal government for "utterances or publications alleged to obstruct the conduct of the war," involving 130 persons, as compared to nearly one thousand such prosecutions involving more than fifteen hundred persons in the corresponding period in World War I.

Of major importance, however, is the report on the race-relations front, the Union's representatives agreeing that race tensions are sharply mounting. Negroes, Jews, Japanese Americans and Mexican Americans are affected, but by far the biggest issue is the Negro problem. Once the concern of the South, today, under the pressure of the war, it has become national and international in scope. For the moment public attention is centered on political discrimination, highlighted by the momentous Supreme Court decision abolishing the "white primary" in Texas. The reaction to the Court's now famous declaration that "Under our Constitution, the great privilege of the ballot may not be denied a man by the state because of his color," was, after the first shock, open defiance. Southern political leaders angrily declared that the white primary would be preserved and pointed to poll taxes and educational tests as methods to circumvent the Court's ruling, which was branded as a "New Deal scheme to gain Negro votes." The South Carolina legislature rushed through more than one hundred bills repealing pri-

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mary statutes so that the Democratic Party in the state could make its own regulations barring Negroes from the primary, while Senator Maybank warned that "white supremacy" would be the battle cry of the Southern Democrats at the Chicago convention.

The split among the delegates to the Texas state convention resulting in the selection of electors instructed not to vote for the national party nominees unless the state convention's conditions on the Negro issue (among others) are met; the delay in the selection of electors by the South Carolina state convention to make sure that "our white Democratic Party in South Carolina is appreciated by the national party"; and the movement for unpledged electors in other Southern states all spell a revolt not so much against Mr. Roosevelt and the fourth term as against the administration's policy toward Negroes and the recent Supreme Court decision. Repudiation by the voters in the recent attempt to inject the race issue into state elections in Alabama, Florida, Georgia and South Carolina offers some hope, however, in the political situation.

On the industrial front, thanks to the severe manpower crisis and the watchfulness of the FEPC, which Southern Democrats and reactionary Republicans are attempting to wreck, there has been some evidence of improvement in race relations. Barriers against the employment of Negro men and women in certain areas have been broken down and for the first time two important railroads, the Pennsylvania and the Chicago and Northwestern, have agreed to upgrade Negro employees from waiters to stewards.

Race difficulties are seriously aggravated by anti-Negro practices of certain labor unions, notably the Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks, the International Brotherhood of Boilermakers, Iron Shipbuilders and Helpers and three or four of the AFL and independent maritime unions, which place Negroes in "below-deck" jobs or require segregation in what is known as "all black" departments. Shunting the Negro members of the boilermakers' union to "auxiliary" lodges where they are denied voting rights though forced to pay dues is being fought in the courts following the union's refusal to comply with the FEPC directive to abolish discrimination.

Add to the debit side continued discrimination in the armed forces and in the field of education, and you have briefly the current race-relations situation affecting Negroes. On the credit side record the increasing opposition to these undemocratic practices, the development of effective community interracial programs by white agencies, both public and private, and the outspoken determination of Negro groups to fight race discrimination here and now in the courts and in the forum of public opinion. To highlight the advances made, it is worth repeating the dramatic occurrence at a recent graduation of one of the Army Officers' Training Schools at Miami Beach, Florida:

> There was a Negro candidate among the several whites who received bars. The custom is for female friends of the officers to pin on the new officer's bar. Each of the white officers had someone to pin on his bars. The hostesses had seen to that. But there was no one to assist the Negro officer. It was a tense, brief, pathetic moment—then a white nurse dashed from her seat and pinned on the colored officer's bar. First, there was a great silence, then one of the wonders that never cease happened. There was great applause from the army—in Florida—in this third year of the second crusade for justice and freedom.

Other minorities than Negroes are also victims of the anti-racial upsurge we are now witnessing. In a recent statement on the work of the FEPC, the New York Regional Director stated: ". . . the tendency to deny persons employment at their highest skills because of their religion is mounting rather than disappearing in the face of acknowledged need for production." Anti-Semitic violence and vandalism, somewhat eased since the widespread outbreaks last year, have come to the surface again. It has been fairly well established by competent investigators that while these outbreaks cannot be attributed to any conspiracy or organized plan, they are the result of indoctrination with anti-Semitic propaganda sponsored by nationalist organizations and press with the avowed intention of arousing racial and religious hatred. The recent flooding of the Boston area with new and vicious anti-Semitic leaflets, the fresh outbreaks such as the beating up of two young Harvard students—Craig Gilbert and Peter Poor—by a gang of youthful "Gestapos" who first enquired if they were Jews, and the statement of a teacher in a New York City public school to her sixth-grade pupils that "It's too bad Hitler is on the other side and can't take care of the Jews here too," are proof enough that there must be no let-up in the fight in this sector of the race-relations front.

Consider also the racial discrimination in the Southwest against American-born citizens of Latin ancestry whom many Americans do not consider to be of the white race. Both the law and practice in Texas, where more than 1,000,000 of the 3,500,000 reside, deny to these Latin Americans the right to vote in the Democratic primary, to serve on juries, to attend white schools, to purchase land freely and to use transportation facilities, restaurants, theatres, movies, parks and swimming pools equally with the whites. Efforts are now being made, for the first time, to test this discrimination in the courts and to bring together groups of Latin Americans and others interested in establishing their rights as American citizens.

Racism on the West Coast found its expression in the wartime treatment of the 100,000 Americans of Japanese ancestry who were evacuated from their homes and held in detention centers. It, too, is predicated on the doctrine of "white supremacy," and long after the war is won it will plague the Pacific Coast states for a democratic solution. LUCILLE B. MILNER

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Radio's New Chance

All that most of us know about FM radio is what we have read in the slick-magazine ads that herald it as one of the postwar marvels we are fighting for. Principally they have impressed upon us that frequency modulation will make radio staticless, will make Gracie Fields sound like Lily Pons, and will make other important technical improvements. But the genuinely exciting fact is that FM offers the United States a second chance in broadcasting. If we are willing to fight about it, the monopoly of the air waves on which the networks have fattened for the last twenty years can be broken.

Until FM came along, the owners of our standard broadcasting system (amplitude modulation) had things pretty much their own way. The chance for a new operator to break into competition with existing networks and stations was practically nil. Except in the most sparsely settled parts of the country, almost all standard broadcast channels were filled up. Physically, there was just no room for newcomers to broadcast. Theoretically, there was another way to break in. The Federal Communications Act provides that one who is interested in improving the quality of radio, and who is prepared to perform better public service than an existing licensee, can apply for permission to supersede that licensee, and will be so licensed if he proves his case. But in the whole history of the Federal Communications Commission, no one has ever succeeded in getting into broadcasting by this method.

When Major Edwin H. Armstrong finally won recognition in 1938 for the new FM system which he had discovered, America was given a new chance to reclaim radio. Major Armstrong had a hard time putting forward his important invention, partly because the leaders of the broadcasting industry recognized it for the threat that it was to their smooth-running standard system. Because FM operates at its best in the high-frequency sections of the radio spectrum, hitherto unused, where interference among stations is markedly reduced, a large number of stations can be operated on a single frequency if properly spaced geographically. Experts estimate that there will be space available for at least 3,000 additional broadcasting stations on the FM frequencies, as compared with the 900 stations now using the standard broadcasting channels. FM means a wider variety of stations in the cities and probably considerable new service for small towns and rural areas. And that is what the networks and their advertisers fear, for the new FM system will compete with them for listeners.

There is plenty of room for the new coverage: Aside from the 96 metropolitan areas of the United States, there are 606 cities of more than 10,000 population; 579 have no broadcasting stations. Although 331 are adjacent to the big centers, there is little doubt that most of them would benefit from a system that allowed more local expression and participation. In addition, there are more than 15,000 cities or towns of less than 10,000 population which have no broadcasting stations and might operate low-powered FM stations to the benefit of the community.

Now that Major Armstrong has forced FM onto the radio scene, there is no question but that its immediate postwar expansion will be tremendous. Advertising campaigns designed to sell FM receivers are already past the lay-out stage. Most manufacturers predict that few new sets will be made after the war without provision for FM reception. General Electric is estimating that five million new FM sets will go into use in the first full year of peacetime production and that twenty million sets will be produced within five years.

If there are to be twenty million American households with FM receivers in five years, the very existence of the leaders in present-day standard broadcasting may depend upon their success in winning control of the new system and seeing to it that competition is safely curbed. American commercial radio has prospered by keeping firmly in mind that the smaller the number of competing programs at a given place and time, the larger the price that could be charged an advertiser for the use of that time.

No regular radio listener needs to be told that our national policy of ensuring a free radio through diversity in the control of radio outlets is a failure. Although title to the radio channels of this country is reserved in the people, control of them long ago settled chiefly into the hands of the four national networks and then sifted into those of the major advertising agencies. This old story is highlighted by some striking figures: Of the 900 standard broadcasting stations on the air today, about 600 are affiliated with one or more of the four national networks. This group of stations utilizes about 95 percent of the night broadcasting power of the whole country, and more than 50 percent of their programs are network. These stations receive more than 40 percent of their revenue from the networks, and that amounts to much more than 40 percent of their profits, since the network programs involve almost no production costs for the individual station. To many stations, the network contract means survival, if not the only road to prosperity.

Last December, Niles Trammell, president of the National Broadcasting Company, testified before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce as to just how much such financial dependence really means:

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The argument is now advanced that business control of broadcasting operations has nothing to do with program control. This is to forget that "He who controls the pocketbook controls the man." Business control means complete control and there is no use arguing to the contrary.

Mr. Trammell's word on this point should be valid.

In a recent address, FCC Commissioner Clifford J. Durr went on to analyze the extent of the "pocketbook control" which is exercised over the networks themselves. In 1943, he pointed out, more than 97 percent of the national networks' advertising business came from 144 advertisers. One-eighth of NBC's total advertising came from one advertiser; one-fourth from two; 60 percent from ten. One-seventh of the Blue Network's advertising came from one advertiser; one-fourth was provided by two; more than 60 percent by ten. Concentration of these big accounts in a few advertising agencies is even more intense. But perhaps the most startling figures are those showing the industry-by-industry dominance of the airways. In 1943, four industries consumed 74 percent of the commercial time of all four networks: food, beverages and confections, 26.5 percent; drugs, 20.5 percent; soaps, cleansers, etc., 14.6 percent; tobacco, 12.5. Radio as it is today will not give up the high level of concentration it has achieved without a struggle.

The decision as to who is to run FM radio and under what rules and regulations is a basic one. The fight will contest perhaps the strongest remaining tool for political democracy, the press and standard radio broadcasting being under the kind of control they are today. Commercial radio is carefully preparing its battle strategy. Those groups which have most to gain by the free and full use of the new FM system are slowly awakening to its possibilities.

Educators have been quickest to foresee what the new communications medium can mean to them. And that is fitting, since educators gained so much experience in muffing opportunities in the early days of radio. In the early twenties, when radio was just getting established, colleges and schools were among the first pioneers. But they were also first to fall by the wayside as broadcasting grew up, as program standards were sharpened and costs swelled. The Federal Communications Commission has taken notice, by its first allocations of FM frequencies, of the imbalance which resulted. Five of the forty FM channels available have been set aside for the exclusive use of noncommercial educational stations. Thus, if it will ask for it, education now has "a home of its own on the air."

The United States Office of Education is encouraging local school systems to look into the possibilities of FM radio for their instructional programs and to file applications for station licenses now. Other educators are showing interest in what local low-powered FM stations could contribute to the life of a whole community. Under the regulations laid down by the FCC, a city or town can set up its own municipal, non-commercial FM station for school purposes during most of the day and for the best use of the whole community after school hours. Some towns are already seeing in the FM station, with its low construction cost, a potential substitute for the old New England town meeting.

Several city school systems in metropolitan areas are already operating FM stations for schoolroom uses. Others will go into construction as soon as the wartime priorities situation is relaxed. A few labor unions are considering filing applications for FM licenses. At least one large farm organization is making plans for an elaborate hook-up with its membership.

But the FCC still has before it comparatively few definite applications from non-commercial groups seeking FM licenses. The standard amplitude-modulation broadcasters, understanding clearly their financial stake in the new development, are out in front in actual exploitation of FM to date. Fifty FM stations have been licensed by the FCC thus far; all but eight of these licenses are to interests already in control of AM stations. Of 120 FM applications pending before the FCC, all but 15 are from AM interests.

But these groups are not relying exclusively on this direct method for winning control of FM. For many months now there has been talk in the radio trade press that the standard networks were preparing a "prize package" offer for FM stations. Recently, the scheme became clear. In order to keep competing programs off the air, the present chains appear willing to give their programs to new FM stations free of charge. NBC camouflaged its initial offer by extending it first to those FM stations that are under joint ownership with AM stations: "Recognizing that coöperation with advertisers is necessary to ensure a sound economic foundation for frequency modulation, NBC proposes that no additional charge be made to advertisers for the use of the companion FM stations during their developmental period." The statement goes on to indicate, however, that the same bargain-basement offer will be made to all other FM stations too.

It is clear, then, that present commercial radio interests will do everything in their power to gain control of the new FM radio system. Their experience and their resources are great. The determination of some democratic-minded groups to challenge that control is already evident. Unless the educators and the other groups interested in non-commercial broadcasting move fast, the channels now set aside for their use cannot be reserved for them by the FCC. On the other hand, if the volume of their requests for licenses is great enough, the FCC might very well increase the number of channels assigned to them. FM radio is a new chance—if we take it.

Washington HELEN FULLER

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A Little Anthology of Poems from the Forces

Selected by Oscar Williams

THESE POEMS are all written by poets of this war, during this war, and, in most cases, about this war. The validity of war experience, when touched by talent, has a special interest and deserves a special respect. While it is true that these gifts of talent, imagination and character which go to construct good verse fall to individuals whether or not they are soldiers, war poetry written by a poet in the midst of actual physical war conditions has greater authenticity than that written by a poet physically safe and free from regimentation, provided the talents are equal. By this I do not mean that the maiming effects of war are stimulants to the production of poetry, nor that death in action is of much value in developing the gift of poetry. But the terrible speed of experience in wartime can have the total weight, in terms of understanding, of a long lifetime of meditation broken only by the events of natural peacetime tribulations. Thus, Wilfred Owen's active participation in the suffering of the last war is an integral part of his poetry. If he had not suffered war, he might have written equally valuable poetry, but its significance for us would have been different.

This group of poems by poets in the armed services cannot but have an extra emotional impact for us, over and above the quality of the verse itself, which is good. I have been able to include only a sample of the valid poetry coming to us from the services and the reader should take the group as merely representative of the best American and British poets writing from the forces. Most of the selections are from my anthology "New Poems: 1944," to be published in the fall. Much good work was not immediately available to me and certain American warrior poets such as Richard Eberhart, Randall Jarrell, Karl Shapiro and Alfred Hayes are not included because their most exciting poems have already appeared in America. The British poets are therefore more extensively presented, not because they have a greater quantity of quality work, but because this is the first American publication for their poems.

It will be noted that many of these poems, written in the midst of conflict, show an awareness of the social problems which are as much the order of our day as the war itself. Regimentation, distress and combat have not reduced the poets' perception nor dulled their integrity. O. W.

Black Coffee in South Florida

From the thirteenth floor, geometers might see
Angles and planes. Sociologists:
Clusters of people. Poets, however, child-
Hood haunted, whisper Ispahan. Indeed,
Dove-eyed on high cornices, looking down,
One finds a kind of beauty, the pattern pleases.

Ah, but descent is danger. Disillusion,
Like stale beer, burdens the eyelids. The pastel
Plaster, amber and pink in the sinking distance,
Closer divulges its cracking, scabrous secrets,
Kingdom of anesthesia, where royal palms
Converge on vagrant vistas, and the dream

Drapes sooty doorways: money as easy as sunlight.
Touts in their checkerboard jackets juggle racing
Forms, neurotic jockeys, kept women, all ache
For the inside tip, the sure-fire conflagration,
Meaning: money. Flamingo, thoroughbred horses,
The silks of a royal house star the pavilion.

Here also, the old, decaying past bud and blossom,
Anachronisms of the bough, expend
Their extended lives in the library over the bank,
Obituary readers counting the home-town dead.
Death in Iowa, in Pittsburgh, in Portland, death
Everywhere, but here, unobtrusive, not mentioned.

Someone, anonymous, a sun-bleached shell,
Floats face up in the bay like a gutted crayfish.
Two niggers shoot it out, a taxi dancer
Shoots herself. But the park is littered with lovers:
Sailors, like white geese gliding; school girls, eager
For puberty, putting on airs, the climate of sex.

Across the bay, the beach, like a screeching peacock,
Preens its redundant feathers. Aviary of the aimless,
The too successful: Ambition's last garden, Egyptian
Without dignity. Industrialist pharaohs fondle
Their cleopatran matrons, grown paunchy and tan,
Become yachtsmen, contemplatives, dwellers on
islands.

Bel Canto, the home of Mrs. Morton Martin, of
Canton,
Ohio, the Martin Turbine. Villa Paradise,
Mr. Walter Goldman and Phoenix Films. Versailles,
Louis Leotti, art and slot machines.
Tulsa, the oil wells, Kansas at Villa d'Este,
The Texas cattle prince at Toucan Castle.

Belle Islands, musical, yes, but tolling
Neither sea, nor swell, nor the long triremes.
But nereids barking by the swimming pool,
The hiss of ice in glasses, crash of gears,
Gull cries at the country club! Shipwreck at bars!

These palaces, these splendors, these corrupted shores.

WILLIAM ABRAHAMS
Sergeant, United States Military Police

They Have Taken It from Me

They have taken it from me
Taken it far, far away;
The deep desire to see
The dawning of another, greater day.
Little I care.
High in the air
With a cloud as a shroud

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I would dare death
The hurried snatching of the final breath.
All I know is that
My heart can glow to the thrill
Of hurling through the still air
Blind to all reason:
I can live my moment
Delight in fright
And desire the future, the sure "after-life."
I may ponder
Remember the importance of life at peace
And wonder that now
Life and death are the pressing of a button,
The signing of a scroll,
The explosion's toll.
But I cannot care
That is my madness.

The Thrush

(To N. A. W.)

I plucked a throstle from the throat of God;
Into her teeming freckled breast I sent
Wanton destruction.
Boldly she sat upon the bough,
Outright she sang her song of joy
Constant and careless.

Sadist upon that holy spot,
I raised my gun—and shot.

Plucking immortal chords from life,
I stopped her song and stole
Her immortality.
Profiled she was against the sky,
A taste of world's reality
Amongst chaos, man's strategy.

Lord, much loved you her full-throated song.
Lord, pray forgive me—I did wrong.

TIMOTHY CORSELLIS
British, Second Officer, Air Transport Auxiliary
(Killed in action)

The Statue

The noises of the harbor die, the smoke is petrified
Against the thick but vacant, fading light, and shadows slide
From under stone and iron, darkest now. The last birds glide.

Upon this black-boned, white-splashed, far receding vista of gray
Is an equestrian statue, by the ocean, trampling the day,
Its green bronze flaked like petals, catching night before the bay.

Distilled from some sad, endless, sordid period of time,
As from the language of disease might come a consummate rhyme,
It tries to impose its values on the port and on the lime—
The droppings that by chance and from an uncontrollable
And savage life have formed a patina upon the skull;
Abandoned, have blurred a bodied vision once thought spare but full—

On me, as authority recites to boys the names of queens.
Shall I be dazzled by the dynasties, the gules and greens,
The unbelievable art, and not recall their piteous means?

Last night I sailed upon that sea whose starting place is here,
Evaded the contraptions of the enemy, the mere
Dangers of water, saw the statue and the plinth appear.

Last night between the crowded, stifling decks I saw a man,
Smoking a big curved pipe, who contemplated his great wan
And dirty feet while minute after tedious minute ran—

This in the city now, whose floor is permanent and still,
Among the news of history and sense of an obscure will,
Is all the image I can summon up, my thought's rank kill;

As though there dominated this sea's threshold and this night
Not the raised hooves, the thick snake neck, the profile, sword and might,
The wrought, eternal bronze, the dead protagonist, the fight,

But that unmoving, pale but living shape that drops no tears,
Ridiculous and haunting, which each epoch reappears,
And is what history is not. O love, O human fears!

ROY FULLER
British, Fleet Air Arm, RN

Elegy

(In Memoriam S. K. K.)

April again and it is a year again
Since you walked out and slammed the door
Leaving us tangled in your words. Your brain
Lives in the bank-book, and your eyes look up
Laughing from the carpet on the floor:
And we still drink from your silver cup.

It is a year again since they poured
The dumb ground into your mouth:
And yet we know, by some recurring word
Or look caught unawares, that you still drive
Our thoughts like the smart cobs of your youth—
When you and the world were alive.

A year again, and we have fallen on bad times
Since they gave you to the worms.
I am ashamed to take delight in these rhymes
Without grief; but you need no tears.
We shall never forget nor escape you, nor make terms
With your enemies, the swift-devouring years.

SIDNEY KEYES
British, Second Lieutenant, RA
(Killed in action)

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Fife Tune

(6/8) for Sixth Platoon, 308th I. T. C.

One morning in spring
We marched from Devizes
All shapes and all sizes
Like beads on a string,
But yet with a swing
We trod the bluemetal
And full of high fettle
We started to sing.

She ran down the stair
A twelve-year-old darling
And laughing and calling
She tossed her bright hair;
Then silent to stare
At the men flowing past her—
These were all she could master
Adoring her there.

It's seldom I'll see
A sweeter or prettier;
I doubt we'll forget her
In two years or three,
And lucky he'll be
She takes for a lover
While we are far over
The treacherous sea.

JOHN MANIFOLD
Australian, Lieutenant, Intelligence Corps, Middle East Forces

Time Zones for Forty-Four

Dumbo rescue report: The weather was dirty
Till we left the towering cumulo-stratus aft.
We sighted one five five east time love twelve thirty
Dead pilot adrift in raft.

Twelve thirty love: Follow the track of the sun
To soldiers high in the Mindanao hills
Who (half past ten) haven't learned that their war is done
And live their share of ills.

"The war is done!" the Indian patriots cry.
"Fight for no freedom that the British deny us!"
(It's just before dawn.) Their argument not to die
Holds not a shade of bias.

Never to die is the least of the Russian worries
As shoulder to brotherly shoulder they face the west
And launch a quick night thrust through the blizzard flurries,
Knowing worst weather is best.

The blizzard flurries sweep seaward down from the Pole.
(Now it's the night before, and cold on the drink.)
The Boston skipper is captain of his soul
But his ship is going to sink.

The captains of coal and the minor organizers
Fight, though the nation fail, to preserve their places,
And play, in the fray between late and early risers,
(It's early evening) their aces.

Late and early risers are tugged from the pier.
Some of the soldiers sing past the Golden Gate.
The sun is westering. This, or another year?
We'll be back in '48.

Another year, or day, or era, I wonder.
Twelve thirty again. The captain turned and laughed.
His plane was ready. He had no time to ponder
Dead pilot adrift in raft.

DONALD A. STAUFFER
Captain, Aircraft Unit, United States Marine Corps

Soldiers Bathing

The sea at evening moves across the sand.
Under a reddening sky I watch the freedom of a band
Of soldiers who belong to me. Stripped bare
For bathing in the sea, they shout and run in the warm air;
Their flesh, worn by the trade of war, revives
And my mind towards the meaning of it strives.

All's pathos now. The body that was gross,
Rank, ravening, disgusting in the act or in repose,
All fever, filth and sweat, its bestial strength
And bestial decay, by pain and labor grows at length
Fragile and luminous. Poor bare forked animal,
Conscious of his desires and needs and flesh that rise and fall,
Stands in the soft air, tasting after toil
The sweetness of his nakedness: letting the sea-waves coil
Their frothy tongues about his feet, forgets
His hatred of the war, its terrible pressure that begets
That machinery of death and slavery,
Each being a slave and making slaves of others; finds that he
Remembers his proud freedom in a game,
Mocking himself; and comically mimics fear and shame.

He plays with death and animality.
And, reading in the shadows of his pallid flesh, I see
The idea of Michelangelo's cartoon
Of soldiers bathing, breaking off before they were half done
At some sortie of the enemy, an episode
Of the Pisan wars with Florence. I remember how he showed
Their muscular limbs that clamber from the water
And heads that turn across the shoulder, eager for the slaughter,
Forgetful of their bodies that are bare
And hot to buckle on and use the weapons lying there.
—And I think too of the theme another found
When, shadowing men's bodies on a sinister red ground—
Was it Ucello or Pollaiuolo?—
Painted a naked battle: warriors, straddled, hacked the foe,
Dug their bare toes into the soil and slew
The brother-naked man who lay between their feet and drew
His lips back from his teeth in a grimace.

They were Italians who knew war's sorrow and disgrace
And showed the thing suspended, stripped. A theme
Born out of the experience of that horrible extreme
Of war beneath a sky where the air flows

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With *Lachrimae Christi.* For that rage, that bitterness,
those blows
That hatred of the slain, what could it be
But indirectly or directly a commentary
On the Crucifixion? and the picture burns
With indignation and pity and despair by turns
Because it is the obverse of the scene
Where Christ hangs murdered, stripped, upon the Cross.
I mean,
That is the explanation of its rage.

And we too have our bitterness and pity that engage
Blood, spirit in this war. But night begins,
Night of the mind: who nowadays is conscious of our sins?
Though every human deed concerns our blood,
And even we must know what nobody has understood,
That some great love is over all we do
And that is what has driven us to fury, for so few
Can suffer all the terror of that love:
The terror of that love has set us spinning in this groove
Greasy with our blood.
These dry themselves and dress,
Resume their shirts, forget the fright and shame of
nakedness.
Because to love is terrible we prefer
The freedom of our crimes; yet, as I drink the dusky air,
I feel a strange delight that fills me full,
Strange gratitude, as if evil itself were beautiful,
And kiss the wound in thought, while in the west
I watch a streak of red that might have issued from
Christ's breast.

F. T. PRINCE
British, Captain, Intelligence Corps,
Middle East Forces

All Friends, All Suicides, the Enamored Dead

All friends, all suicides, the enamored dead
With violets from their eyes, and in their hair
Forget-me-nots, are gilded romantics, sped
By our wishes, and sung on the swan stair.
They dance, O my masquer, down
Arcades of cannon, who crown
Peace in the caroling bed with bomb's burst and the tear-
drop flare.

Each enemy, his furious charm, no less
The compelling ardor of war's guilty heart,
Together turn us to each other, and bless
This world of kisses, losses, and fine art.
We live, and, lovers, are
Locked in one burning star,
For who die, their grief to guess, going alone, must fly
apart.

These pass, the gallant, and the violent, brave
In fur like folly boys, who, leaving, lend
Their praises to warm houses, give the grave
Last letters, and have luck for money to spend.
In the stabbing torchlight, they
Smile once, and walk away,
And we say goodbye, and they wave to us at the street's
end.

It is youth with flowers, it is youth who springs
Through hoarfrost, through the winter dunged with
hate,
While here, from this cold city, where gangster kings
Nailed time in shrouds, we hang flags for a glad fête.
Our names are published, known
To the knights who sleep alone:
Stone fingers touch gold wedding rings, but the bones
lie desolate.

Triumphant hours like diamonds shine between
This moment and its meaning, are omens spun
From love, whose moonlight fountains, over green
Passionate dreamers, mist and the rust-red gun.
How in these vespers, death
Whispers from every breath—
But gorgeous ghosts may keen: if we wake, sweet prince,
the night is done.

DUNSTAN THOMPSON
Private, United States Army

Walking at Night

Thus I would walk abroad when gentle night
Puts on her friend's cool cloak and bids me come,
Walk among beds of lightly sleeping flowers,
Budded in silver dreams of friendliness.

And I would lie among the dainty herbs,
Like catmint, parsley or exquisite thyme,
To watch the late bird, twittering, hurry home
Across the moon's great watchful eye, to love . . .

These things, like dreams of princesses and pearls,
Come to me more as iron days grate on;
The brush of blood paints not a ruined world,
But thyme and parsley underneath the moon.

HENRY TREECE
British, Pilot Officer, RAF

The Fire in the Snow

White lambs leap. Through miles of snow
Across the muffled fields you go,
Frost-furled and gazing deep,
Lost in a world where white lambs leap.

Into a million eyes of light
You look, beneath that mask of white
Where lambs, wrinkled, without sound,
Bound in the air and print the ground.

You find through crystals white and wet
The buried breath of the violet,
And lost near sunken cairns of stone
Drone-suckled flowers that breed alone.

Your shadow, black on the white snow-field,
Covers the blades your mind revealed.
You linger where gray rocks are still
Covered by a drifted hill.

Your eyes, I know, now read the tract
Beneath snow, where the grain lies packed,

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Nor can the winter sun deceive:
Black shuttles give you their leaves to weave.

Crisp, where you touch the secret loom,
Snow, from the fire-blue sky and from
A black root where all leaves begin,
Flames with a white light on your skin.

Come in. The brilliant, beautiful
Sun has dropped, and the noon-cracked pool
Freezes back. Come, seek from night
Gloom's fire, where the unlit room is white.

I wait, intent, by the firelit stones
Strewn with chopped wood and fallen cones.
Come in, and watch with me in dark
The red spark eating the black bark.

Bright, from fields where the snow lies thick,
From sunk fields to the latch's click
You come; and your eyes, most watchful, glow,
Seeing in the firelight the brightness of snow.

VERNON WATKINS
British, Sergeant, RAF

Politics in Hollywood

POSSIBLY nowhere but in Hollywood could a group of eminent and representative creative workers form a quasi-political organization and issue a Statement of Principles which says, "As Americans we have no new plan to offer. We want no new plan." The 23 names signed to the Statement of Principles of the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals include such honored ones as that of its president, Sam Wood, who has made the good fight against fascism by eliminating practically every reference to it from his screen version of "For Whom the Bell Tolls," Walt Disney, whose genius has not extended to the field of labor relations in his own studio, Rupert Hughes, who debunked George Washington, and Norman Taurog, Morrie Ryskind and Harry Ruskin, whose names give proof that the organization is not anti-Semite.

The Motion Picture Alliance has a militant purpose. Its statement says: "In our special field of motion pictures, we resent the growing impression that this industry is made up of, and dominated by, Communists, radicals and crackpots. We believe that we represent the vast majority of the people who serve this great medium of expression. But unfortunately, it has been an unorganized majority. This has been almost inevitable. The very love of freedom, of the rights of the individual, make this great majority reluctant to organize. But now we must, or we shall meanly lose 'the last, best hope on earth'."

Shortly after the United States entered the war, the writer organizations of Hollywood for screen, press and radio banded together in the Hollywood Writers' Mobilization in order to place their services at the disposal of the government for the communication to the American people of the principles and ideas necessary for the unification of the country in support of the war effort. In October of 1943 the Writers' Mobilization called a Writers' Congress to be held at the University of California at Los Angeles to examine the writers' responsibility to a nation at war. A few days before the convening of the Congress, State Senator Jack Tenney, who has a Little Dies Committee of his own, discovered that nearly a score of the sponsors of the Congress were "red" and that the secret purpose of the enterprise was to subvert the press, motion picture and radio to the aims of the Communist Party.

Mr. Tenney's charges failed to stop the convening of the Congress or to stop Robert Gordon Sproul, president of the University of California at Los Angeles, from greeting it or to frighten even so cagey a man as Darryl F. Zanuck from announcing to it that his firm *would* make a picture about Captain Rickenbacker. The Congress closed without a single inflammatory or "subversive" declaration or resolution and Tenney seemed to have flushed another mare's nest. But the charges, the last of a series of attacks which had included even a senatorial investigation of the motion-picture industry, caused the founders of the Motion Picture Alliance publicly to point their fingers at their chests and say, "Not me!" These alarmed citizens held a meeting of their own and announced the organization of the Motion Picture Alliance. They gave to the press their Statement of Principles, which they headed with these grave words of Abraham Lincoln: "We, even we here, hold the power and bear the responsibility. We shall nobly save, or meanly lose, the last, best hope on earth." In their Statement they declared their belief in the American way of life, exclusive of all other forms.

Today the Free World Association of Hollywood has brought together most of the progressive minds of Hollywood in an organization which terms itself nonpartisan and non-political but in its Statement calls for a strict adherence to democratic principles—

an end to appeasement and against a negotiated or easy peace; an end to American isolationism and to that species of false "nationalism" which history shows has always been used to overthrow democracy; active opposition to attacks upon our allies designed to create public confusion and designed to destroy the military unity of the United Nations.

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These are admittedly non-partisan objectives, but they are, in the fullest sense of the word, political.

On the evening following the founding of the Motion Picture Alliance, the Free World Association held a dinner at which Vice President Wallace was the principal speaker. Mr. Walter Wanger, in his introductory remarks, said: ". . . We are against communism within our national boundaries but we do not propose to invade the province of the American State Department to dictate how other people should govern themselves. . . . Nor do we intend to be misled by the familiar Hitler line by which communism is made the bogey with which to confuse us. . . . We shall fight all anti-democratic dangers but we will not be a party to further disunity on any pretext whatever."

These two meetings, held on consecutive evenings by two highly idealistic organizations, each opposed to communism and devoted to freedom, revealed clearly enough, however, the difference in posture which would reveal itself in the following months. Both organizations decry communism and fascism, but the Alliance clearly regards this opposition as a weapon and the Free World Association as a shield.

At a meeting of the Screen Writers' Guild, members of the Alliance were asked to amplify their charges that there is a "growing impression that this industry is made up of, and dominated by, Communists, radicals and crackpots." A number of Alliance members, refusing to be more specific in their charges, amplified only their devotion to the "preservation of American ideals" and saw no reason why the Screen Writers' Guild, virtually as a body, should not join with them in their crusade, except, naturally, those members who actually were Communists and were therefore, also naturally, not interested in the preservation of American ideals and, also naturally, were guilty as alleged of wishing to pervert this powerful medium into an "instrument for dissemination of un-American ideas and beliefs."

The practical response of the Screen Writers' Guild has been to call together a body of representatives of forty guilds and unions to discuss means of combating what they call an unwarranted attack on the motion-picture industry and to develop a program for effecting more wholesome public relations for the industry.

We may reasonably conclude that the Motion Picture Alliance intends to eliminate from positions of influence and control in the studios, the guilds and unions those whose names appear in the dossiers of Mr. Tenney and Mr. Dies. Their recent activity in the Screen Directors' Guild supports the belief that their program involves positive action.

The Director's Guild is a small organization governed by a board of sixteen members. It has always democratically had the entire membership both nominate and elect the eight new members added at each election. This year an effort was made to change to a nominating committee, but, after a series of shifting reactions, the effort miscarried. There was a bit of hinting about political motives, but the name of the Motion Picture Alliance was not mentioned.

However, the Alliance is setting its sights even higher than the governing bodies of guilds and unions. According to Mrs. Lela Rogers, in an address before 100 women at a luncheon of the Americanism Defense League, "In power in our studios there are some men who are politically and socially blind. That is why the Motion Picture Alliance was formed to educate Hollywood to the dangers of communism. . . . It is a matter of a short time before the Communist menace will be creeping into the very motion pictures that are shown in the classrooms of our children. It will, unless we crush it." Mrs. Rogers claimed in the same address that the Alliance now includes 10,000 union members, five of whom are on the Alliance board. It is true that the board of the Alliance includes five trade-union members, but there is considerable question whether they have been able to pledge their entire membership to Alliance objectives.

Aside from the Motion Picture Alliance and the Free World Association, Hollywood's political life is most energetically expressed through the Hollywood Democratic Committee. The Hollywood Democratic Committee is like any other Democratic Party organization. It is inescapable, however, that the names of many of its members have publicity value and their personalities a hold on the popular imagination. Therefore, a radio broadcast in which Olivia de Havilland and Ida Lupino speak in opposition, let us say, to the candidacy for reëlection to Congress of John M. Costello is bound to have uncommon weight. Likewise, the successful candidacy in the primary election of May 16 for nomination to Congress of Helen Gahagan (Mrs. Melvyn Douglas) or to the State Assembly of Albert Dekker or Lucille Gleason is influenced by more than their articulateness in support of the President and progressive principles or criticism of their opponents. The Hollywood Democratic Committee has functioned in every national, state or local election since 1936, but this is the first election in which its members have stood for office and won nomination. The committee is definitely partisan and has no Republican counterpart.

The success of the Hollywood Democratic Committee in the May primaries is only a prelude to its intensified activities in the election this autumn. And for all their declarations of non-political, non-partisan principles, it is quite clear that the Free World Association and the Motion Picture Alliance have a stake in the outcome of the presidential contest. The Alliance members are, from a partisan point of view, of uniform stripe. Its members will be unable to separate their parochial concern for the good repute of the industry from their larger opposition to the administration and everything for which it stands.

Hollywood, Calif. CINEMATICUS

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Washington Notes

War and Politics

THE CHIEF HANDICAP to early victory still is, as Admiral Nimitz once put it, the Pacific Ocean. Supply problems are the paramount problems of Eisenhower and Nimitz. The great B-29's are ready to carry out daily bombing raids upon the Japanese mainland and upon Japanese industry in Manchuria. But the bombers must be supplied from the United States over the most tortuous supply route in the world. The great question is whether China, with her limited strength, will be able to hold the airfields from which the B-29's operate. It is well within the possible that Japan can knock China out of the war before we can open a port on the China coast to give her the means with which to defend herself. The Japanese now have a real incentive to make the fight.

The visit of Vice President Wallace to China becomes, therefore, all the more important. He is making an effort to unite the Chinese forces—the communists in the north and the Kuomintang in Chungking—into a fighting organization. Every ounce of strength will be needed to delay the Japanese advance.

The power of the American navy in the Pacific is so enormous that it could safely exchange ship for ship with the Japanese navy and come through with a large fleet to spare. But the navy alone cannot defeat Japan. It takes supplies in China to conquer the most powerful elements of the Japanese army. When the war in Europe is finished, the shift of forces cannot be made in a hurry. It will take many months. But if the united Chinese can protect the airfields from which the superfortresses are operating, the Japanese capacity to make war will be substantially reduced in the meantime. The first target of the big ships was the second largest steel center in the Japanese Empire. The biggest one is in Manchuria.

The war is going well, the officers in the War and Navy Departments tell us, but there is no one in the State Department who will say that all is well on the diplomatic front. It is now four years since the United States began to arm itself for this war against the Axis. We are ready at last for the fiercest kind of offensive warfare on all fronts. That is today's big news. But all the power we now have amassed cannot save the peace unless public opinion supports the plan the administration may have in mind. The President's statement on his conception of a world organization was vague and indefinite. He still will not take the people into his confidence on matters that affect the very existence of the country as a free nation.

All is not going according to the plan of the Byrd organization in Virginia. For the first time in years the two Virginia Senators do not agree politically. Senator Glass is for the renomination and reëlection of President Roosevelt. He will say so in his own way and in his own good time. Senator Byrd is for Byrd.

From the Byrd point of view, the most disagreeable thing that has happened in months is the formation in Virginia of the Committee of One Hundred for the Reelection of President Roosevelt. Christopher B. Garnett, president of the Virginia Bar Association, is chairman. The guiding spirit behind the organization is Rixey Smith, secretary to Glass. Both Garnett and Smith proclaim that the organization is not anti-Byrd, just pro-Roosevelt. But Byrd doesn't like it at all and has tried to get to Glass to protest. Glass hasn't seen him.

Chief aim of the organization, according to Smith, is to get out the vote for the President. Smith explains that the Byrd organization says that it is perfectly capable of getting out the vote, "but a lot of us remember what happened in 1928 when we depended upon the organization to get out the vote for Al Smith." That year the state went Republican. Another aim of the committee, according to Smith, is to show the country that the people of Virginia are not anti-Roosevelt, as the Byrd forces have said.

Glass is in a very feeble condition and some persons think that Rixey Smith makes his decisions for him. Smith denies this; the Senator's mind is still clear, he says. It is noteworthy that although Glass was opposed to a third term and nominated James A. Farley at the Chicago convention four years ago, he believes that the war requires the reëlection of FDR. Although absent from the Senate for many months, Glass has indicated his position and obtained a pair on nearly every vote. He has been on the side of the administration almost consistently. Byrd takes all this as a personal affront.

The House Military Affairs Committee has told a story, after months of secret investigation, that must have shocked the conscience of every American who read it—everyone, that is, outside the War Department. I refer to the committee's report on Colonel Theodore Wyman Jr., former district engineer for the Hawaiian district and later in charge of the Canol oil project in Canada. The committee presented detailed evidence to show that the Colonel played favorites in awarding contracts and that his personal record left much to be desired. One of his favorites was Hans Wilhelm Rohl, who came to this country from Germany in 1913 but did not become a citizen until three months before Pearl Harbor. The report does not prove that Rohl gave information to the Nazis, but it shows that he had good contacts with Nazis in this country and that the contract Wyman awarded him to install the permanent air-raid-warning system at Hawaii was completed two months after Pearl Harbor instead of six months before, as called for in the contract. Wyman did not reprimand Rohl for his failure and neither did Lieutenant-General Walter C. Short, the commanding general.

The War Department was fully aware of Wyman's activities and of his personal reputation, yet it awarded him the Distinguished Service Medal before sending him to Canada. While on the Canol project, the committee reported, Wyman persevered in his previous "characteristic activities and continued to award contracts to practically the same persons and companies he had favored in the Hawaiian and South Pacific areas." Wyman is now overseas, presumably in a responsible position. The War Department's reply to the documented charges by the House committee was "no comment."

Washington T. R. B.

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The Unholy Three

THE CLOSEST MOVIE EQUIVALENTS to having a knife slowly turned in a wound for two hours are "Tender Comrade" and "The Story of Dr. Wassell." The latter is Cecil B. de Mille's manner of showing the early war heroism in which a Naval Reserve doctor maneuvered eight stretcher-confined American sailor casualties through the Javanese jungle to safety while the Japs were hot on their heels. The picture is no doubt as factual as Dr. Wassell says it is, but any fact that is translated into film by de Mille looks like his most ancient movie affectation, and in this case his worst. Dr. Wassell's sailor wards carry on like rowdy prep-school boys on a tear and look silly enough to make anyone think twice before rescuing them. Their hospital in the jungle, which looks like the spick and span and pretty construction of a Frank Lloyd Wright disciple in the midst of a great head of romaine, is jammed with cute nurses—especially Javanese kewpie-dolls, who leave their nurse's uniforms traditionally unbuttoned at the top, and strip them off every third reel as a de Mille premium. In and out of the playful grappling that goes on between the nurses and the sailor-lads is a comic who does all kinds of funny things like getting hit on the head with a coconut or feigning sickness so the nurse will hold his hand. Dr. Wassell is played by Gary Cooper, who has a manner of blinking and gulping shyly and talking about hogs.

According to the ancient de Mille formula, there must always be several intertwining love triangles which untwine through the movie in the simplest beginning-middle-end way possible, no matter what the forces around them. Thus while the heaviest air raid of the picture is going on, with the sailors being jolted and knocked about their hospital ward, it is typical that one of the men should be telling the others the romantic story of how Dr. Wassell found the bug and the girl he was looking for in China before the war. And when the picture moves into the home stretch with about five corners of two triangles still unaccounted for, four of them show up on the same ship headed out of Java for Australia and the other one is heard over the ship's radio. Something else is finished even after the picture ends, when it is announced that the producers have just heard that "Hoppy is alive and a prisoner of the Japs."

"Tender Comrade" is a cloying tribute to a kind of soldier's wife whose cruel, selfish and over-indulgent love and concept of marriage should cure a lot of soldier-home-sickness. It presents one supreme example of this type of spouse, played with unfortunate she-tiger conviction by Ginger Rogers. She is a possessive, dominating shrew, who goes up in sparks when her husband forsakes her to read a magazine or dance with another woman or do some overtime at the office. Her favorite expression is, "Men are such fools," and her treatment of the one she is smothering (Robert Ryan) is that of a cocksure, contemptuous mother toward her baby. The author of the picture (Dalton Trumbo) and its producers (David Hempstead and Edward Dmytryk) feel that all these attitudes are charming and cute and play them that way. At the end of the picture when Miss Rogers hears that her husband has been killed, she picks up his photograph in one hand, her just-born child in the other, and goes to work on him: "Remember him, Son, remember him as long as you live. Never forget him, little guy. . . . He only bought you the best world a guy ever had, and if you dare let anyone tell you different. . . ."

Part of the picture consists of an account of this love-nest, and the rest of it of Miss Rogers' life with three other soldiers' wives, who share a house while their husbands are away fighting. Theirs is the ideal wartime behavior for wives: knitting, gushing over their letters and pictures, and persecuting one of their members who now and then threatens to go to a night club and is somewhat unenthusiastic about rationing. At the end of the picture one of the husbands has the misfortune to return home on a furlough, and he is devoured before your eyes, as you expected. The value that the producers place on drooling, faithful love is incredible. It excuses the embarrassing idiocy of one member, the bitchiness of three of them and the beaming, pompous satisfaction with which they all sit around like so many hens on eggs.

"The White Cliffs of Dover" is articulated with enough movie sensibility (Clarence Brown's) to raise it out of the horror category of "Tender Comrade" and "Dr. Wassell," but it is just about the dullest picture on record. It is an old shawl of a movie in praise of England and her people, who it feels are an extremely fine people but on the reserved, mild, snailish side. This leads to just about the most pooped-out job I have ever seen. MANNY FARBER

The Bandwagon

A Berlin broadcast said Baron von Weizsaecker, German ambassador to the Holy See, "has left his residence in Rome, Villa Bonaparte, and moved to Vatican City. Other diplomatic missions of the tripartite powers will move to Vatican City—namely, those of Japan, Hungary, Slovakia, Rumania and Finland." . . . The Swiss Guard has been doubled about Vatican City to prevent an influx of refugees. – *From The Albany (Ga.) Herald.*

Mr. Avery also reported that Ward's mail-order business had dropped off 35 to 40 percent during the government's seizure of the company. This, he said, was an "indication of public indignation, since it showed that people would not patronize the company while it was under government control." – *From The New York Herald Tribune.*

So Red the Rose

Field Marshal Rommel, observing the spring flowers covering the fields at a point near the Channel ports, remarked, "How wonderful to think that beneath those flowers thousands of mines are concealed!" – *From The Chicago Tribune.*

On the Home Front

At the Versailles, 151 East Fiftieth Street, it was said that two guests, coming in, mentioned the report [of the invasion] at the bar, but it caused no excitement. – *From The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

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Correspondence

A Negro in the Army

[The following letter was written by a Negro soldier in the United States Army who was brought up in the North and is now stationed in the Deep South. His identity is concealed to prevent reprisals against him, but the editors of The New Republic can vouch for his intelligence and honesty.]

DEAR FRIENDS: I arrived safely, and had intended to drop you a few lines before now. I am well at present and hope you are the same and enjoying life. There is not much enjoyment in a place like this. I don't seem to understand the situation here. We were drafted to try and win the war, yet the people here are seemingly still fighting some previous war. And the bad part about it is they are wasting a lot of their good time watching and fighting the Negro here. It is a one-sided fight, because to my estimation the Negro seems to be their best friend. It seems as if these people would rather accept the German prisoners before they would a Negro.

Here is one instance. In our company we have eight weeks of basic training in the field and the rest of the seventeen weeks we go to school in a white battalion. Last week one of the instructors called a soldier "a nigger," and the boys from my company resented it. To be good soldiers and try to go about the thing in a diplomatic way, they went to one of the officers. He came down and asked the instructor, who was a white corporal, and he said right there, "Yes, I said it." Then he picked them out one at a time and said, "You are one, and you and you," and so on.

Just this morning I was talking to a soldier who had been in the (punishment) stockade and he had talked to some of the Japanese American soldiers that they had in there, sent here from other camps. They had been in the army for some time and some of them had ratings. They would go to town and the white men would start fights with them. If they defended themselves they would lose their ratings. So they refused to be soldiers. They said that they couldn't see the use of fighting when they are kicked around like dogs.

If we are kicked around now, during the war, what will happen after the war? We are all ready and willing to do our part to win the war, but at least we should get some kind of consideration.

Even on the bus they have only one seat for us, the one in the extreme rear. Even if all the others are empty, or if there is just one white man sitting in the back, we can't sit there. I would like to know just what it is that is wrong. Why are we hated so much? I sit around and try to figure it out. I have the time because there is no place to go and nothing to do. All the fellows feel the same way I do.

They even refuse to sell me anything in the main post exchange, the one in the lunchroom.

While I was in school, my class was touring the different buildings. We had a twenty-five-minute break in front of the PX, so we all lined up to buy some doughnuts. When I got to the window the girl said:

"I can't sell you anything."

So I said, "Why?"

She said, "You can give that white soldier your money."

I said, "No, why should I?"

I asked the lieutenant who was in charge, why. I said, "I am a soldier, that man is a soldier, and we are both supposed to be fighting for the same cause. Why should I give him my money to walk two steps to buy something for me?"

He said, "Well, I know it is wrong, and you know it, and they know it is wrong. But no one will do anything about it."

You know, unless my guess is wrong, something drastic is going to happen. I believe there is a Supreme Being and I believe He is just. I don't believe that He intends for any of His people to be kicked around by any of the others. So you see, I will be a glad soldier to get back home to my family and back among civilized people.

I try so hard to be a good soldier. But how can I, with my blood boiling all the time?

I hope you haven't been too bored with this note. I could write a book about the South.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

The New Republic has received a letter 1,980 words long from Lawrence Dennis, one of the defendants in the current sedition trial in Washington. Mr. Dennis criticizes the government's action in prosecuting the case, on the ground that there is no existing American law which covers what the defendants actually did, and says that the prosecution has therefore been forced to try to prove a vast and long continued Nazi conspiracy to subvert the morale of American armed forces. Mr. Dennis says that this is "one conspiracy the Nazis did not have." He points out that the British declined to prosecute Sir Oswald Mosley, although Britain has a law against incitement to mutiny similar to that of the United States.

Mr. Dennis points out that we have laws against advocacy of violent revolution, seditious propaganda and failure to register as a foreign agent. The action, however, is brought under the Smith Act of June 28, 1940, prohibiting conspiracy to advise or cause mutiny or insubordination among the armed forces. He admits that the government can "prove many prejudicial things against or about these defendants" (without saying whether at this point he includes himself). "Only, they are not crimes. Anti-Semitism is not a crime. Having been a member of the German American Bund was no crime. Having had associations with Nazi officials was no crime. Having been pro-fascist or anti-Communist was no crime, and so on."

Mr. Dennis denies the contention suggested in the article "Fascism's Day in Court," by Edwin A. Lahey (The New Republic, June 5), that the attorneys for the defense are engaged in deliberately obstructionist tactics. He says most of these attorneys are conservative Southern lawyers practising in Washington, appointed by the court for the defense of individuals who have taken the pauper's oath. They were not concerned with civil liberties before this case began, and their professional careers are not advanced by their present actions. Mr. Dennis believes they are fighting for their clients as they do because they feel the government should not have indicted the defendants under the law that is being used.

Charlotte Prince Ryan of Southbury, Connecticut, writes in defense of education by means of "Great Books," citing the following as some of its more salient advantages: the stimulation of analytical thinking as encouraged by the Socratic method; the subject matter of classical works which poses questions and seeks answers; contact with the distillate of centuries; the opportunity to observe historical facts and to make deductions therefrom pertinent to the solution of today's problems.

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Books in Review

The Race Business

HERE IS A highly miscellaneous packet of books, ranging from labor economics to physical anthropology, from metaphysics to sociology; but they have in common a preoccupation with race as a divisive force in modern society.

Of least practical consequence is the symposium[1] edited by the late Bishop Corrigan. The contributors, for example, are stoutly of one mind that Hitler is neither a Christian nor a gentleman; that Nazi science is somewhat lacking in objectivity; and that the Third Reich has not always honored its international obligations. There is at least one forthright contribution (by Dr. Joseph T. Delos); but the other contributors, in hot pursuit of heretics, seem to lose sight of the theme. I put the volume aside with a vague impression that the rise of the Nazi racist-state was, somehow, merely an ideological consequence of the miscellaneous heresies of John Dewey, Thomas Jefferson, Rousseau, William James, Hegel, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Walt Whitman (denounced in a jocular manner by George Barry O'Toole, Ph.D., S. T., etc., as "Walt and Waldo"), Kant, Spinoza, Plotinus, William of Conches, Averroës (who comes in for a frightful verbal beating), Bruno, Schelling, Goethe, Karl Marx and C. C. Jung. Of contemporary Americans, only Dr. Robert Hutchins and Mr. Mortimer Adler seem to be particularly free from "error." In fact, I never dreamed that heretics were so numerous or that error was so contagious and widespead. Although the symposium itself is certified against error by the *nihil obstat* of the Censor Librorum and the *imprimatur* of Archbishop Spellman, still I doubt (a) that the sole explanation of Nazism is to be found in "the structural and cultural weaknesses of the German character"; (b) that Protestant Germany's resistance to Nazism was "more feeble" than that of Catholic Germany; and (c) that "Catholic anthropology" is itself completely objective. While the contributors are opposed to the use that has been made of race as a social and political weapon, nevertheless every contribution in this symposium is distinctly authoritarian in tone.

The volume[2] by Dr. Howells belongs to the excellent National History Series of the American Museum. It is a thoroughly entertaining book, extremely well organized and richly interlarded with amusing observations on *homo sapiens* that do not belong to the school of "Catholic anthropology." Of special interest is Part III in which Dr. Howells summarizes, from the viewpoint of physical anthropology, what is known, and not known, about the races of mankind. Measured by all the things by which man "lives and adapts himself to nature," the basic unity of mankind is far more impressive than the "detectable differences." Just because the superficial, external markings are so pronounced, it was easy for people in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries to jump to conclusions about imagined differences in mentality and behavior. The discovery of race, notes Dr. Howells, coincided with the great pre-Darwinian age of exploration when little was known about the world and when one man's guess was as good as another's. If one may judge from the pages of The Congressional Record, this ancient gossiping and yarning about race is still a popular pastime. A delightful, and instructive volume; but one that is likely to prove most disturbing to many individuals and organizations. Imagine the Native Sons of California discovering, if by chance they ever do, that the Ainus of Japan are as incontestably white, as indisputably hairy, as Alpine-like, as any native son of California born in Grass Valley!

Of exceptional interest, too, is Mr. Fauset's study[3] of five Negro religious cults in the urban North: the Mt. Sinai Holy Church of America, the United House of Prayer for all People, the Church of God (the Black Jews), the Moorish Science Temple of America and the Father Divine Peace Mission Movement. Implicit in most of these movements is a deep-seated desire to compensate for a lack of social memory and to find in the world of the cult opportunities for self-expression denied in most other aspects of American life. To some extent these cults represent a revolt against organized Christianity of both the white and black variety. Their influence and reach, as Ira Reid once pointed out, are enormous and significant, perhaps because, as he suggested, they are "more socially adapted to the sensationalism and other unique characteristics of city life, and the arduousness and bitter realities of race, than the prayerful procrastinations of the church institutions they now supplant."

Of these studies, Mr. Northrup's volume[4] on organized labor and the Negro is by far the most important. It is an admirable primer in the ugly politics of discrimination based on race. Here may be found the reality, the raw materials, the facts, of race relations. These facts demonstrate that there is nothing esoteric or mysterious about so-called "social antagonisms"; that racial discrimination is a form of exploitation closely related to the exploitative character of our industrial economy. If there is a more shameful chapter in the history of the Negro in this country since the Civil War than that recounted by Mr. Northrup in his chapter on "The Railroads," I am not familiar with it. What he has to say about the complicity of the National Mediation Board in this particular Jim Crow set-up is so shocking as to warrant a congressional inquiry.

Two major conclusions can be drawn from the volume (they are not stated explicitly but are supported by pages of evidence). The first is that the trade-union movement, valuable as have been its contributions to the welfare of

[1] Race, Nation, Person: A Symposium. Edited by Bishop Joseph W. Corrigan and George Barry O'Toole. New York: Barnes and Noble, Inc. 436 pages. $3.75.

[2] Mankind So Far, by William Howells. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 319 pages. $4.50.

[3] Black Gods of the Metropolis, by Arthur Huff Fauset. Philadelphia: The University of Pennsylvania Press. 136 pages. $2.

[4] Organized Labor and the Negro, by Herbert R. Northrup. New York: Harper and Brothers. 330 pages. $3.50.

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the Negro, lacks the resources to end job discrimination against the Negro. In the absence of governmental intervention, there is always the possibility, in fact the certain likelihood, of a particular employer manipulating the Negro issue to advantage, or of one trade union making use of the issue to defeat the drive of a rival union for collective-bargaining rights, or of some demagogue using the issue to defeat any type of organization. The other conclusion, and it is of immediate importance, is that increasing technological displacement threatens, again in the absence of governmental intervention, to divest the Negro of such gains as he has made during the war. Having on the average less experience with machines, and less seniority, he will be the first to be adversely affected by technological advance. As the machine appropriates new functions, the Negro will feel, once again, the weight of the almost universal tendency of American industry to prefer white over Negro workers for machine jobs. No more cogent case has been made for the necessity of a Fair Racial Practices Act (which would certainly strengthen, not weaken, the trade unions that pursue a non-discriminatory policy) than is to be found in this volume.

Mr. Northrup is inclined to minimize the possibilities for the adoption of a federal anti-discrimination program. But no one can say what the possibilities are until the American people have been asked to support a broad anti-discrimination program (with its correlative affirmative measures) backed by the endorsement of the CIO, many AFL unions, the NAACP, the Urban League, the church groups, the various inter-racial councils and the numerous organizations that, since 1940, throughout the East, Middle West and Far West, have demonstrated their willingness to support such a program *if asked to do so* (which has not been done to date) and if, from some providential quarter, the requisite leadership is provided.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

Talent and Confusion

Colcorton, by Edith Pope. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 330 pages. $2.75.

"COLCORTON" is the story of a family in a Southern backwoods community, passing as white, some of them believing they are white, until finally they are betrayed by their Negro "blood," tracked down by clues which readers with an elementary knowledge of anthropology may find a bit embarrassing.

Mrs. Pope maintains throughout the book a humane and sympathetic attitude toward all the characters, white and "passing white." She writes of them with skill, often with humor and gentleness, and there is much in the book that persuades one that she has a fine talent for fiction. But unfortunately, she has chosen a theme for which she is not intellectually and emotionally prepared. She seems confused about Negro and white people—their relationships, rights, "racial characteristics"—and this confusion has led her into a few absurd situations. The trouble is, perhaps, that she has not probed deeply enough into her own preconceptions of race and personality to guard against the attitudes and folk superstitions to which the white race clings stubbornly and which all of us, down South, suck in with our sugar tits.

It is a pity, for Edith Pope has sensitivity and an awareness of the surface texture of both her region and its people, which are qualities we prize in any writer. When she tells us of a storm blowing up, of old tough oaks bending to the hardswept ground, of black quiet streams, of shrill-crying birds, we are stirred by an imagination, tender and responsive to earth ways. She writes of the country where I lived as a child. She knows this physical background with the passionate knowledge acquired only by children during those years of unverbalized experience when they reach out to a tree, a bird, as eagerly as to a person, making profound emotional identifications that sometimes later, find their way back into the memory—and into books.

She has a warm appreciation, also, for the "local color" of character, yet she does not seem to understand the structure of character. Her drawing of Abby is vivid, sharp, bearing the impact of a cartoon, but lacking the essential truth of a cartoon. Mrs. Pope seems to suggest, for instance, that Abby never married because of a secret knowledge of her Negro blood, a secret which she discovered when she was seventeen years old. But long before she was seventeen, Abby, admirable as she is, had been formed into the kind of woman who would have found marriage, if not psychologically impossible, certainly a destroying experience both for herself and any man unfortunate enough to have married her. Though it is easy to understand how she herself thought she was avoiding marriage because of "the secret," it is less easy to understand how the author could have so misunderstood Abby's motivations and fears. Jared's incredible collapse is another case in point. Mrs. Pope builds him up as a stable personality, with no strong self-destructive trends, lets him find for himself a deeply satisfying love life, then permits him to go to pieces suddenly and, within the space of a few weeks, virtually destroy himself upon discovery of a few drops of "Negro blood" in his veins (a fact which no one but his sister knows). Personality disintegration just doesn't happen that way, even among people who take their bloodstreams with exaggerated seriousness.

A feeling for surface texture, whether of region or people, is not enough to give significance to a novel. We, who try to write, must work our way down to the deep roots of culture and personality and learn to feel at home there. Mrs. Pope, with all her talent, is not at home there. She has a deep sympathy for people, a feeling for the complexities of relationships; she does not yet understand those forces within us, those early experiences which have so much to do with determining the emotional patterns of our reaction to strains and crises. Nor does she understand those special problems of our culture which concern the Negro and the white man: the ambivalences of relationships, the profound feelings of hate and guilt, of love and fear, which have wrapped us so closely together that to destroy the bond we must destroy ourselves. Not understanding, she has chosen to use the romantic-sentimental approach to a situation which would be difficult at best to handle but which might have yielded rich rewards had it been given mature treatment by lifting it to a philosophical vantage point where more fundamental problems of human relations could have been focused.

LILLIAN SMITH

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The Historian as Clinician

The Condition of Man, by Lewis Mumford. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 467 pages. $5.

THE PRICE, or at least the hazard, of genuine historical erudition, such as Mr. Mumford unquestionably possesses, is indecision. The historian's retrospective sense of imperfection tends to incapacitate him as a positive guide. This incapacity is sometimes disguised as cynicism, but more often nowadays as a specious emphasis on diversity, and as a kind of negative inclusiveness. Thus, in his for the most part admirable book, Mr. Mumford affirms the need for so many things, or for so much, that his affirmations finally neutralize one another and leave us with no practicable standard or design.

Mr. Mumford's main theme is the repressive, disintegrative, destructive development of potentially constructive energies. Accordingly, although he associates the paranoid growth of despotism, nationalism and competitive individualism with the decline of the corporate, communal, coöperative ideal of the Middle Ages, and although he views fascism and to a lesser extent romanticism as regressive manifestations of cultural and individual disunity, the chief pathogenic agents for him are not science and the machine but what he regards as their normal embodiments: capitalism, utilitarianism and the mechanical conception of nature. Mr. Mumford's intention is therefore to evoke "the submerged or recessive forces of the last century—democracy, vitalism, coöperation"—in the hope that "a more perfectly harmonized, a more finely attuned, a more complexly balanced expression of both personality and community" will repair the worst features of modern life, "the depletion of vitality, the arrest of growth, the domination of the living by the non-living, the persistence of fixity and habit over flexibility and purposive change." The governing sentiment of the book is thus a kind of biological piety which places great emphasis on such large hortatory abstractions as *unified, organic, purposive, creative, synthesis,* all of which tend to lose their cogency through reiteration, and whose vagueness, moreover, readily lends them to perversion. Coöperation, for example, which Mr. Mumford justly considers invaluable, is obviously predicated on specialization, and in some measure even on uniformity, both of which he fervently despises; and if his identification of the "mechanical" with the "rational" (or is it the "mechanistic" with the "rationalistic"?) is correct, then it becomes a crucial task to distinguish the "organic" from the purely impulsive or capricious. Likewise, by opposing the word *creative* to the word *specialization,* he obscures the fact that in the modern world their meanings are actually integral. Indeed, he himself suggests how motives as admirable as egalitarianism and the sentiment of nationality are related to fascism.

The truth is, of course, that abstractions of this sort, and in particular the distinction between the organic and the mechanical, are mainly honorific. Because Mr. Mumford exaggerates, or misunderstands, this distinction, his treatment of David Hume, for example, is wholly inadequate, and his comments on the great systematic thinkers of the seventeenth century are both perfunctory and false. For what we ordinarily call growth, genesis, development, purposive change is nowadays heuristically regarded, for the most part, as exemplifying special *mechanisms* of chemical or symbolic assimilation and transformation. The biological concept of function brings the phenomena of sentience and symbolization within the purview of experimental analysis, and thus, far from invalidating or detracting from the traditional notion of causality, actually refines it and gives it an extra dimension: so that—despite Mr. Mumford—Newton, Darwin and, for all his indisputable limitations, Marx, remain the exemplars of rational inquiry.

Mr. Mumford fails, then, as a prophet, even though he largely succeeds as a historian. The trouble, of course, is that his ambivalent sense of history, which is professedly Freudian but in fact almost dialectical, and which allows him to oscillate so solemnly between an evangelical and a condemnatory tone, deserts him just when he most urgently needs it. For although he continually observes, for example, the constructive influence of essentially negative institutions, such as Calvinism, as well as the morbid possibilities of freedom, he nevertheless forgets, finally, the chief principle of the clinical approach to history: that, in so far as thought and behavior are remedial (and therefore, fortunately, remediable), they are not only rational but predetermined, and also inevitably repressive.

But the central weakness of Mr. Mumford's book is that he persistently raises yet never examines the delicate question of the therapeutic value of history, which of course implies the larger question of the degree in which the past is a unique source of information about the present, or the future. He repeatedly makes but nowhere fully substantiates the Freudian assumption that history is somehow equivalent

How German democracy lost its battle for survival

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to genesis, and that the history of culture is both an analogue and an explanation of the growth of the individual.

In extenuation of Mr. Mumford's book it should perhaps be said that its defects are really less serious than salient, that they are integral to its purpose but not, for the most part, to its substance or implication. For as a lively, imaginative, eminently readable account of our cultural history it merits the widest possible attention.

MARTIN LEBOWITZ

Peace in Our Time

THE PEACE PLANS multiply apace, and the time presumably approaches when one of them will be lifted from the neat realm of print and put to the stern test of practical politics. It is rather disappointing to note that, at this advanced date, there is nothing approaching general agreement as to the methods of achieving a durable peace—at least so far as the nine books under consideration here are concerned.

Even the desirability of "some sort of international organization" provokes sharp dissents; plans and opinions range from a full-blown draft constitution for a United Nations of the World (Philip C. Nash's "Adventure in World Order," Beacon Press, $1.50) to Asher Brynes's assertion, in "Revolution Comes of Age" (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50), that "if . . . no noise louder than the tearing of blueprints is heard, we shall have won a peace. . . ." (Mr. Brynes dislikes planning, and prefers to believe that "the hard facts" of modern war will "somehow" regroup the world into great continental federations.)

Actually, despite Mr. Brynes's blueprint-phobia, the yield of honest-to-goodness blueprints per nine postwar books is rather light. We have here only two detailed book-length world systems—Dr. Nash's and Major George Fielding Eliot's ("Hour of Triumph," Reynal and Hitchcock, $2.50)—and two brief sketches of world organizations: one outlined by Clark M. Eichelberger at the 1943 conference of the Canadian Institute of Public Affairs and published with the other conference addresses in "The United Nations Today and Tomorrow" (Bruce Humphries, Inc., Boston, $1.75); the second, Dr. Lin Mousheng's, included in "Citizen, Plan for Peace!" by Merrill E. Bush and Others (Harpers, $2.50), a record of Temple University's 1943 Institute for Postwar Planning.

The general reluctance of postwar thinkers to integrate their broad peace principles in any detailed world political structure may be associated with a tendency, observable in nearly all these books, to shy away from any "supranational government," anything resembling Tennyson's "Parliament of Man." Indeed, Alfred M. Bingham, former editor of Common Sense, dispenses altogether with a centralized world organization in "The Practice of Idealism" (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, $2). Viewing the continuing establishment of agencies of limited international coöperation, from the International Postal Union to UNRRA, he suggests "that the development of successful institutions of world government will be a process of meeting specific needs" through specialized agencies. Which would be fine—but if that "development" takes 100 years, it may be interrupted by four more world wars.

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Dr. Philip Nash proposes in his world constitution a strengthening of the machinery of the League of Nations. Some new features would be universal membership, a world court with compulsory powers, a popularly elected assembly, automatic economic sanctions and a small international police force. Defects are obvious: electoral difficulties; the preservation of the mandate system; Dr. Nash's admission that a powerful industrialized aggressor might defy both sanctions and the police force while member nations, "requested' to mobilize their national armies, hesitated. But there is a certain salutary brass-tacks effect in putting principles into tangible, workable form.

Norman Thomas—disappointingly—devotes much of "What Is Our Destiny" (Doubleday, Doran, $2) to sniping at the Roosevelt administration and the Communists, to an attempt to justify his own prewar non-interventionism by "proving" that Mr. Roosevelt provoked the Pearl Harbor attack. Not always logical, he apparently disapproves of both the bombing of Germany and "a second front, in Stalin's sense." He criticizes the Moscow Declaration because its armament-regulation clause will not be given effect "until after the Allies jointly have finished their job and completely disarmed their enemies." Presumably he would have us immediately demilitarize every second foxhole on New Guinea. Mr. Thomas favors "an inclusive world confederation with powers limited to the progressive development of coöperation." But as an attempt "to defeat his own worst prophecies," his book carries little positive conviction.

Major Eliot's "Hour of Triumph" combines good sense and impractical "realism." The good sense comes first, with his insistence that we need a United Nations Council now to supervise the complex jobs of demobilization and reconstruction, to "carry the principle of Allied unity into the postwar period," to coördinate our political efforts exactly as the Combined Chiefs of Staff coördinate our military efforts. Political decisions, he testifies, "cannot be left to the military; generals have no training which fits them for such tasks."

Major Eliot's peace system is aimed solely at the permanent military submersion of Germany and Japan, "known to be nations of criminal record and intent." Both "merit

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extermination," but since German industry is essential to Europe's economy, we will merely prevent the Germans from owning planes and warships. Japan, however, "has contributed nothing to civilization"; Major Eliot advocates, therefore, the "complete and systematic destruction of Japanese industry," the confiscation of "every mechanical device . . . every motor . . . every pound of metal." This, of course, is sheer fantasy: Major Eliot himself admits that our postwar arrangements, to be permanent, must "do no substantial injustice." At any rate, facing all our anti-aggression defenses in one direction smacks of a new Maginot Line philosophy.

"No Matter Where," by Helen Hiett (Dutton, $3), belongs more properly with the prewar foreign correspondents' books than with the postwar plans, being the fresh "personal history" of an Illinois girl who became a radio correspondent in Europe. Miss Hiett bases her hopes for "internationalism" on the fact that young people everywhere want "an ordered world," are "idealists." But the Spanish "idealist" she knew fought for Franco. There are several kinds of "idealism."

Most of the postwar plans have holes big enough to drive an M-4 tank through. But nearly all, in some degree, contribute provocative insights into the central problem of our day. They are worth thinking about—until action by the statesmen cancels most of them out. RICHARD MATCH

A Reader's List

ASIA'S LANDS AND PEOPLES, by George B. Cressey (Whittlesey, $6). A good illustrated geography of a thoroughly modern type, in which a uniform principle of selection has been applied to material diversely obtained. The main intention is to supplement exact physical knowledge with an account of developed economic resources plus some brief survey of the major "human problems." In Asia is included the whole of the USSR, from Minsk to Vladivostok. The information in this part is exact and up to date, while the treatment is absolutely objective in its recognition of Soviet achievements. The hundred pages in this section constitute one of the best Soviet geographies now in print. The section on China is even better, while those on Japan and India are also good. Less satisfactory are the overly brief chapters on southeastern Asia. Elsewhere the text is never less than adequate. There is an entire absence of "literature" and there are liberal illustrations of a good textbook type (between 50 and 70 illustrations to each 100 pages). A sufficiency of maps are inset on the page. A serviceable index and an up-to-date bibliography of selected readings are provided. Outstanding in its treatment of China, "Asia's Lands and Peoples" is a first-rate "intermediate" geography.

THE PEOPLE OF INDIA, by Kumar Goshal (Sheridan, $3). A very good presentation indeed of the case for a Free India; vigorous, combative, yet never unpleasantly polemical. The book is divided into four sections: The Heritage of the Past, Transition (to the end of the East India Company), India under Early British Rule, and India and the Second World War. The first part is distinctly perfunctory, though accurate. This brevity is the counterpart of a thoroughly modern outlook elsewhere. That the British conquerors created a private-property system in land is recognized but insufficiently emphasized. In general, while

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the analysis invariably takes account of the problems and materials dealt with by Marxist writers, there is no oversharp categorization. The fourth part, which is quite intransigently anti-British and just as firmly anti-Axis, provides much new material concerning Indian political developments during the war up to the beginning of 1943. The implications of democracy are fully understood by the author. A healthy-minded and well written case.

THREE NAPOLEONIC BATTLES, by Harold T. Parker (Duke, $3). Friedland, Aspern-Essling and Waterloo are the battles presented in this exemplary volume. Their particular significances—a victory in the heyday of Napoleon's brilliance, a personal check in mid-career and a defeat in the days of his decadence—indicate the structure of Dr. Parker's thinking. It is a three-act drama, with something of the inevitable in its conclusion, which he minutely describes. Economy in summing up a copious documentation and unambiguity of meaning are his characteristics, and in this case make for a style that is plain rather than dull. Extensive references to the reports of Larrey, the brilliant French army surgeon-in-chief, bring a necessary gravity into the dispassionate telling. No new viewpoint is proposed. The general reader will find the book extremely impressive, thanks to its logic and order. The military student, particularly one studying the attributes of commanders, will find the book of very great use.

Crime and Punishment

ALL OVER BUT THE SHOOTING, by Richard Powell (Simon and Schuster, $2). This high-spirited and hilarious tale of espionage in Washington again involves Arab and Andy Blake, the likable couple who made "Don't Chase Me" such fun. Andy is now a lieutenant in the Air Forces and Arabella is working for Ordnance when they stumble on an ingenious Nazi spy ring. Fast and funny, and good for what ails you.

TOWARDS ZERO, by Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead, $2). Mrs. Christie's point is that most detective stories start with the murder, which is wrong because its causes begin a long time before, and the murder itself is the end of the story. Her thesis makes an absorbing tour de force, though the dice are loaded against your guessing the murderer's identity. In the welter of whodunits that concentrate on catching the killer, it is good to see motive get its just deserts.

Contributors

Joseph Rosenfarb, the labor-relations editor of the Research Institute of America, was formerly on the legal staff of the National Labor Relations Board. He is the author of "The National Labor Policy," which deals with the NLRB, and of "Highway to Tokyo," a book outlining the Pacific strategy and published last year by Little, Brown. He is also the author of numerous articles on legal, labor and military subjects.

Lucille B. Milner, secretary of the American Civil Liberties Union since 1920, is an occasional contributor to The New Republic. She has also appeared in Harper's magazine and other periodicals.

Cinematicus is the pseudonym of a well known figure in the Hollywood motion-picture colony.

Carey McWilliams' new book "Prejudice—The Japanese Americans: Symbol of Racial Intolerance," is to be published in August by Little, Brown.

Lillian Smith, the author of "Strange Fruit," lives in Clayton, Georgia, and is co-editor of The South Today.

Martin Lebowitz has written for The Nation, Partisan Review, Kenyon Review and The Journal of Philosophy.

Richard Match contributes reviews to The New York Times, The New York Herald Tribune and The New Republic.

Contributors to the Poetry Anthology

Oscar Williams, the editor of "the little anthology," is himself a well known poet whose poems have appeared in Horizon, The Atlantic Monthly, Harper's Bazaar, The Nation and The New Republic; he is also the author of two volumes of poetry the latest of which is "The Man Coming Toward You," and the editor of an anthology, "New Poems: 1944," scheduled for fall publication by Howell, Soskin.

William Abrahams was born in Boston in 1919 and was educated at Harvard. He was an associate editor of Vice Versa until his induction into the army in 1942.

Timothy Corsellis, killed in action at the age of 21, was a Second Officer in the Air Transport Auxiliary; no other data are known at the moment. His poems, which show a major talent in the opinon of the editor of this anthology, have appeared in magazines and anthologies in England, but never before in this country.

Roy Fuller was born at Oldham, Lancashire, in 1912; he is married and has one child. His work has appeared in the leading English magazines and he is the author of two books of poems, the latest of which is "A Lost Season," scheduled to be published this month by the Hogarth Press in England.

Sidney Keyes is a young English poet, author of two books, the second of which has just been published posthumously in England. He was killed in action on the Tunisian front at the age of 20.

John Manifold, the only Australian on our list, has appeared mostly in the English literary magazines and anthologies. He has not yet published a book.

F. T. Prince is a young English poet; one book of his poems has been published by Faber and Faber and another was published in America in the Poets of the Month series (New Directions).

Donald A. Stauffer was born in Colorado in 1902 and was educated at Princeton, where he was a member of the English faculty from 1927 on. He is the author of a number of volumes of criticism and was editor of "The Intent of the Critic," 1942. Norton is to publish his book, "The Nature of Poetry," after the war. He has been in the Marine Corps since 1942 and is now stationed somewhere in the Pacific.

Dunstan Thompson was born in New London, Connecticut, in 1918 and was educated at Harvard. He was an editor of Vice Versa. His first book, "Poems," published this spring by Simon and Schuster, has been widely acclaimed.

Henry Treece is a young Welsh poet, one of the leaders of the New Apocalypse "school" of recent British poetry. He is the editor of a number of anthologies and author of four volumes of poetry of which the most impressive is "Invitation and Warning," published by Faber and Faber.

Vernon Watkins is also a Welsh poet, 37 years old, who in peacetime lives near Swansea. He is the author of "Ballad of the Marie Lwyd," published in 1941, and contributes widely to the English literary publications.

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